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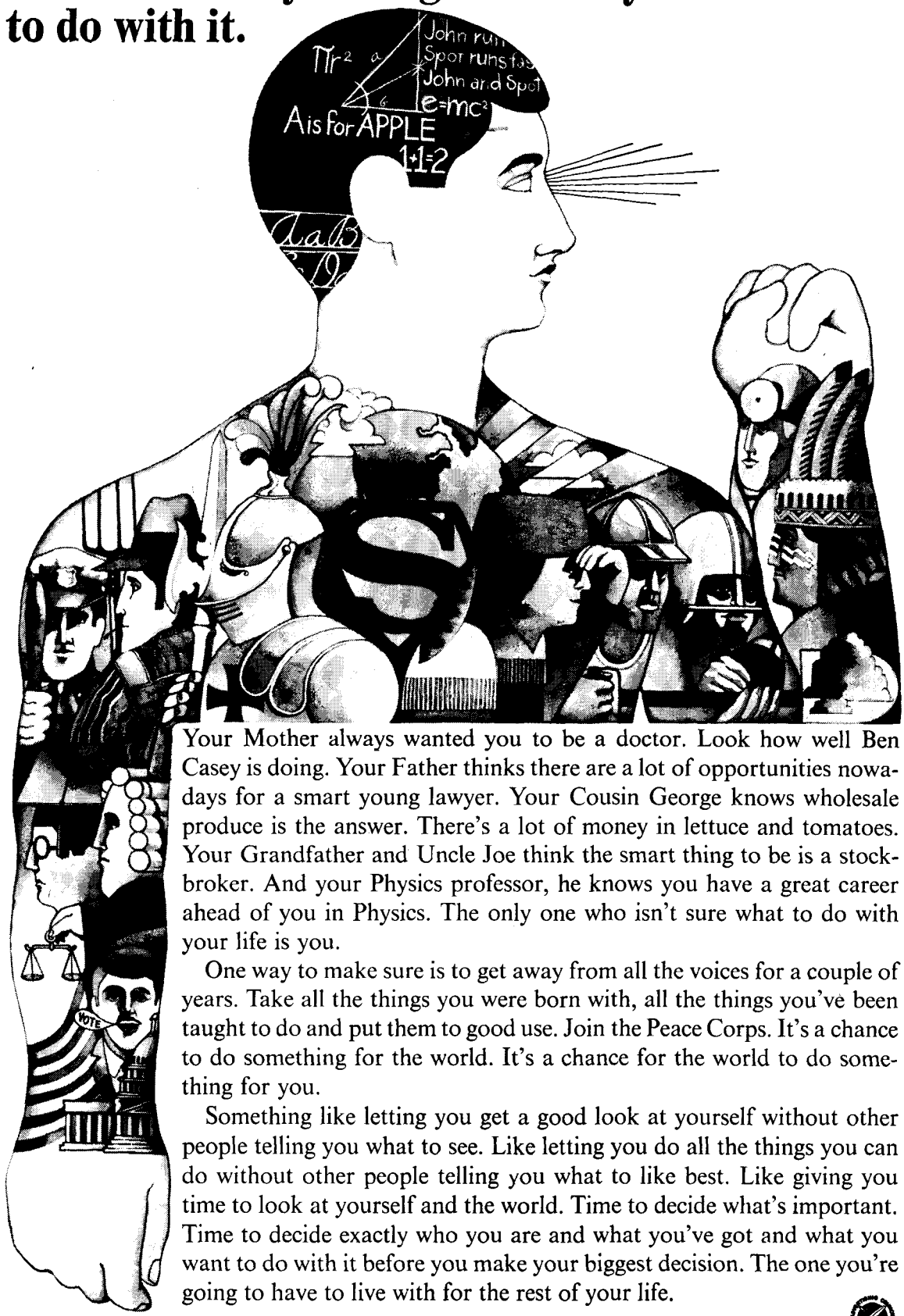


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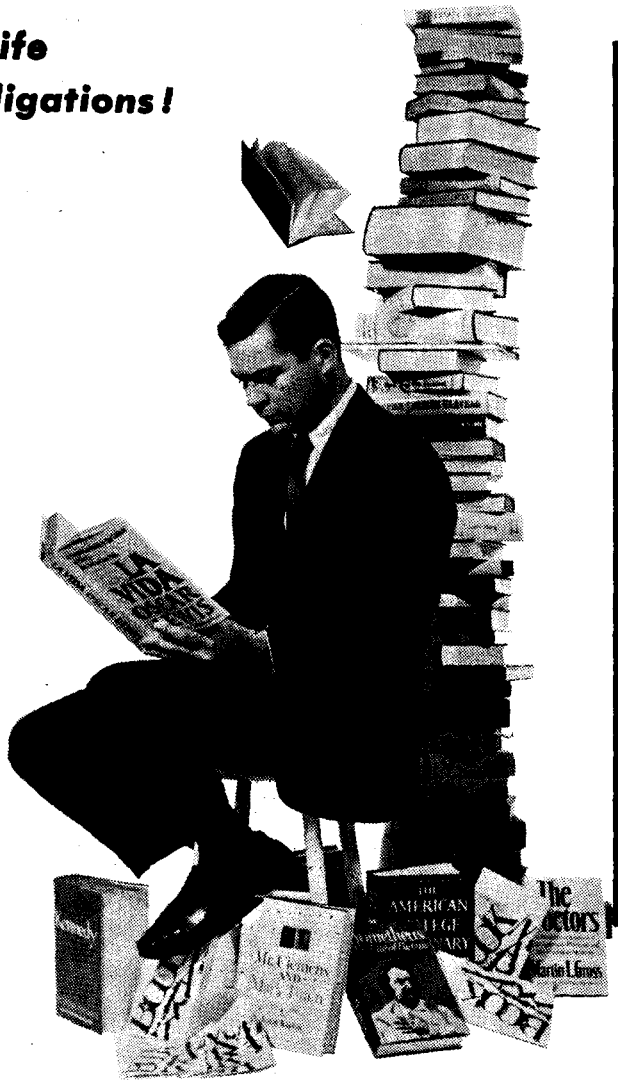


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# T.R.B. *from Washington*

*The Lineup*

★ The mood has changed a lot here between Congressional Chapters 89 and 90, and we put down some of the things we have noticed.

Congress is a good deal more conservative. You see it everywhere; the House GOP-Dixiecrat coalition now has a provisional veto over everything. We predicted this, you remember ("Requiem for Liberals," *NR*, Sept. 3), but it's a shock just the same. On the opening day the House bolted the administration leadership and indulged in an overkill of Harlem's jolly buccaneer, Adam Clayton Powell. And it threw out the so-called 21-day rule, a reform procedure for controlling the autocratic Rules Committee. The vote was 232-185. This vote was significant; 156 Republicans and 76 Democrats (mostly Southern) voted to kill; 159 administration Democrats and 26 liberal Republicans voted to keep it. And that's about the lineup in Congress!

In a body where 218 is a majority, Mr. Johnson can count on 160 Democrats, say, and maybe 25 Republicans, or around 185-190. He must wangle 30 or 40 extra undecided votes on every big issue. That's going to be the story of the 90th. He can do it if anybody can. And all during this process we suppose a lot of carping liberals are going to complain about Mr. Johnson for making "compromises."

Another thing has changed. From now on the Republicans must deliver. They can't just be negative; if they want to win next year they must stand for something. The game has entered a new phase. In the first Congress after a presidential landslide the opposition can just oppose. It's the defeated underdog. Things fall into its lap. But now a new cycle has begun and all the time people are going to say, "This man Lyndon isn't so hot, but what is the alternative?" Messrs. Dirksen and Ford are the alternative. They are going to put on their own "State of the Union" soon and, frankly, we hope they will surprise us! They will be oh-so-affirmative, we assume. Well, what is the GOP solution for Vietnam? – more bombing, harder and tougher? The modern ideas of the party come from the 25 governors. The *voice* of the party, alas, is Everett Dirksen, ornament of the Senate, opponent of fair apportionment, executioner of the 1965 civil rights bill; the organ-voiced spokesman for the Prayer Amendment and Illinois big business. Two years of this may make the administration look pretty good.

Just a word, too, about Negro leadership. On the same day that the House ousted Powell the Senate seated Senator Edward W. Brooke (R) of Massachusetts. Powell, seven-eighths white, is a professional "Negro" leader; he exploits it. We find him attractive in an amoral way, like an old-fashioned Irish boss; maybe that is what the ghetto needs in its present state of evolution. But Brooke, a fine-looking, trustworthy type, won't be thought of long by his race, we predict; he will just be considered a good senator. Is that the way America is going? As we saw the senators coming in, two by two, to hear Mr. Johnson's State of the Union speech, our spine tingled as we caught Brooke among them.

*Tapering off*

★ Another big change: economic. Mr. Johnson startled Congress by asking for a six percent surtax. We watched expressions as he asked it. Absolute silence and a kind of unbelieving smile like people seeing a car accident. The President was modest, placatory, deferential (mark that as a big change, too!). Our guess is that Congress won't enact the tax. We suspect Mr. Johnson doesn't expect them to. But now he has passed them the buck. If there's a whopping $12-billion deficit in fiscal year 1968 it's their fault.

We are not at all certain higher taxes would be a good thing. The Johnson proposal seemed to us pure Walter Heller, and Heller has been hedging his bets on the tax increase. The US economy has been softening and support for anti-inflationary taxes declining. Heller would hold the new tax back to July 1 to watch the economy and in effect that's what Mr. Johnson wants, too. Furthermore the tax argument is more and more political and moral, not economic. Johnson (and Heller) want to buy lower interest rates from the Reserve Board, and a continuation of the Great Society programs from Congress, by raising taxes, if that's the ransom asked. Higher taxes will help curb inflation; but the way the boom is tapering off the problem may not be inflation but recession.

*A Rare Touch*

★ From our perch in the press gallery we looked down on Mr. Johnson's head as he spoke last week. In 1966 he talked 40 minutes and was applauded 66 times; this year he talked 70 minutes (20 minutes too long) and got applauded 42 times. We thought his manner was good – earnest, modest, subdued, with no oratorical flourishes. There was a rare touch of good-nature when he turned to the Republicans and smilingly noted their number had grown.

It was fun, too, watching big, amiable, black-robed Chief Justice Warren break into ostentatious applause when the President promised to crack down on wiretapping. And there was a thrill when the rear glass doors of the chamber suddenly swung open and a thing that looked like a cannon was trundled down the central aisle after the President. Turned out to be a TV camera.

The heart of the speech was Vietnam, and here, alas, there was no change. Mr. Johnson said we are there to protect Asia, but the same day U Thant said that Vietnam isn't strategically vital. U Thant added that "there will be no move toward peace so long as the bombing of North Vietnam is going on." Veteran foreign correspondent David Schoenbrun (*Columbia University Forum*, Fall, 1966) says the risks of staying in are now greater than of getting out. *Times*man Harrison Salisbury now confirms material that many foreign newsmen, and this magazine, have frequently published.

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# No Staying Power?

President Johnson began his State of the Union Message by bluntly asking Congress and the nation to decide whether they have or haven't the staying power to wage effective war on poverty at home as well as a war in Asia. It's a good question. Part of the answer is that both can be done, but the former is in the national interest while the latter is an unnecessary drag. Unfortunately, Mr. Johnson proceeded to make clear that he suspects the nation has lost interest in the war on poverty, even if he himself hasn't. Discussion of domestic problems occupied much of his speech (some hawks grumbled about the time he devoted to poverty when he should, according to them, have been talking about the war in Vietnam), but his proposals for advancing the war against want at home were so modest, and he put them forward so diffidently, that he seemed to be saying *he* knew the Congress is willing to vote him money for Vietnam but not for domestic rehabilitation. He may be right; he is supposed to have a feel for the congressional mood; other experts too insist that the new Congress is for escalation in Vietnam and for de-escalating the poverty war even below the sublevel of last year's preliminary skirmish. If that is the national mood, the President would have served us better by sounding a bugle call to duty, rather than murmuring his regrets.

Perhaps Mr. Johnson is looking beyond this year and deliberately cutting thin to win in 1968. Why bother, if he has really abandoned serious hope of getting done those things he insists he most wants to do. What actually is it that he most wants to do? In its admirable coverage of an uninspiring message, National Educational Television interviewed, among others, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who said the speech seemed to him to be designed "not to solidify the people behind [President Johnson] as much as to mollify those opposed [to the President]." On the same program, Clinton Rossiter agreed that "we had one hour and 13 minutes of mollification," and he called the message "a very consensus-minded speech that didn't ruffle anybody's feathers." That proved a disputable assertion. As one conservative Southern Democrat pointed out, not unhappily, Mr. Johnson devoted exactly 45 words out of several thousand to civil rights, and civil rights leaders have every reason to be ruffled. In the 88th Congress civil rights was the star, and in the 89th it still had a supporting part. That part has been taken over by a Safe Streets and Crime Control Act of 1967. The year's theme, according to the President, is to be: "Order must be maintained." This is to be a year of

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violent fighting in Vietnam, and of fighting "violence" at home. Just what does "maintaining order" mean?

Will steps be taken to make life more tolerable in the inner city, or will the Congress be satisfied to introduce local police forces to "the latest anticrime weapons"? Mr. Johnson did "urge special methods and special funds to reach Americans trapped in the ghettoes," yet his proposed rescue operation seemed cloudier, fuzzier, more unreal than the instant communications and special alarm systems that he said are to become part of the arsenal against crime. "We should transform our decaying slums into places of decency through the landmark model cities program," droned the President. "I intend to seek for this effort the full amount Congress authorized last year." That's $400-million, for 100 cities – the cost of about a week's Vietnam fighting. And getting Congress to appropriate even that amount is going to be a tough battle. Mr. Johnson didn't sound as if he has much stomach for it.

The message yielded at least one clue to why not. "I wish," Mr. Johnson said mournfully, "we could do all that should be done, and that we could do it now. But the nation has many commitments and responsibilities which make heavy demands upon our total resources. . . . Let us resolve to do all we can with what we have, knowing it is far, far more than we have ever done before, and far less than our problems will ultimately require." This was well calculated to set the middle-aged white men who make up this Congress nodding their conservative heads in solemn unison (Hubert Humphrey's wagging head could be seen on the television screen, rhythmically affirming each presidential statement).

What are those many "commitments and responsibilities" that make it unfortunately impossible for the President to fulfill his wish to wage immediate full-scale and effective war on poverty? Sending a man to the moon? Subsidizing the farmers? Building a supersonic airliner? None of these, not even the war in Vietnam, need inhibit the administration from fighting poverty might and main, if it has a mind to do it. Mr. Johnson said himself, at the very outset of his speech, that "most Americans are already living better than any people in history." In NET's series of post-message interviews, Walter Heller, the former chairman of the White House economic advisers, pointed out that as a nation we're a quarter or even a third richer, in dollars of constant value not in inflated dollars, than we were in 1960. Heller concluded that "this country has the resources to pursue both the war in Vietnam and its progress in the economy at home." What is needed to lick poverty is willingness by the well-to-do to share with the poor, and sufficient intelligence on everyone's part to grasp that nobody can really be rich if any have to live in slummy cities, breathe dirty air and drink polluted water. In that sense, most of us are now poor and can get richer only by agreeing to let government – federal, state and local – spend money on cleaning up the environment. The wealth to do it is there. By expressing haggard doubts that there is maybe not enough, Mr. Johnson gave a conservative Congress the excuse it is looking for to cut down spending on welfare. He will make a timid request – which Congress will take its own sweet time even considering – for a six-percent-tax surcharge on rich corporations and middling rich individuals, and he pointed out that corporate profits after tax rose more than five percent last year. (Senator Philip Hart of Michigan says that after-tax business profits rose by a staggering 88 percent in the past nine years.) But a tax boost now or soon seems to us of very doubtful social or economic benefit, and if the Congress does approve one, it will probably accompany it with a ruthless slashing of "public spending" – though not of course for Vietnam. In that case, we may get the worst possible consequences for the entire economy; a tax increase coinciding with slowed-down public spending just as both private spending and investment are tapering off.

Mr. Heller, who long advocated the tax increase the President asks for, seems now to want it mainly to nudge an easing of credit by the tight-fisted, Victorian-minded Federal Reserve Board, and would like Congress to give the administration both the power to tax and the option of not raising taxes if circumstances alter. "The administration would have good reason to ask the country for additional taxes," says James Tobin, formerly of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, "if it were really prepared to fight both wars at once and to scale its budget accordingly. But if the President and the Congress are not prepared to do this, a tax increase will simply magnify the problems of poverty at the same time that the budget is limiting the means of coping with them." The proposed boost in Social Security payments won't save the economy from the perils of a recession if the aged only get back what they and other workers and employers paid in.

What it amounts to is that President Johnson's timid consensus-seeking risks pushing the country back into the mire of former error: cutting public spending (except for "defense") and trying to "balance" the administrative budget. That is Eisenhower's swampland. Mr. Johnson's ritual genuflections to wise past Presidents included Truman and Lincoln but seemed shy of Kennedy, the pupil-teacher of the New Economics. Having in some degree helped the Republicans to a congressional comeback this year, Mr. Johnson seems to have become afraid to fight them. They, however, will not fear to fight him, any more than a dog desists from biting a man who runs, even if he runs toward the dog not away from it.



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# Call It Off

When US planes first began bombing North Vietnam, February 7, 1965, it was explained in Washington that appearances notwithstanding, we sought "no wider war," and that this bombing was "carefully limited to military areas which are supplying men and arms for attacking South Vietnam." Almost two years later, in his State of the Union message, the President repeated the reassurances: he seeks no wider war; we are still fighting a limited war. Nevertheless, the bombing has progressively accelerated in its indiscriminate destructiveness, in the number and kinds of targets. In 1965, US aircraft flew 24,570 sorties over the North. Last year, all reference to individual "sorties" was abandoned; instead, there were 23,577 "missions" over the North, which on the usual assumption of four aircraft per mission, amounts to 94,308 sorties. (The Pentagon gives no figures on the tonnage of bombs dropped.) Four hundred and forty-two US planes and four rescue helicopters had been shot down over the North, as of last month. The Secretary of the Air Force claims the destruction or damage in the North by our air strikes of 7,000 trucks, 3,000 railway cars, 5,000 bridges, 5,000 barges and boats and more than two-thirds of the North's oil storage supplies, most of its ammunition storage and explosive plants and "nearly all bridges" outside the Hanoi-Haiphong area. How can there be anything left worth knocking down and out? Yet there always seems to be another bridge, another radar site or railroad track to blow up.

Since all this air activity has not stopped troop infiltration from North to South (it has increased), nor undermined the morale or economy of the adversary, there is a widespread view that the US should unconditionally and unilaterally stop the bombing. The Secretary General of the United Nations has said it; so has General de Gaulle and countless other individuals and organizations abroad. It has been urged by our colleagues, the editors of *Commonweal* magazine, and by the editors of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. An unconditional cessation of US bombing has also been cited by the premier of North Vietnam, in his talks with Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times*, as a fifth point (not condition) that should be accepted by the United States if there is to be a settlement.

The justification for halting the bombing of the North, it seems to us, is not that it would of itself produce peace, or even negotiations. The American public would be deceiving itself were it to believe that the Viet Cong or Hanoi will give up simply because the US has given up its air attacks. The reasons for a halt are that the bombing is widening, not narrowing the war; toughening resistance, not weakening it; getting Hanoi and the Viet Cong more, not less, assistance from Asian and European communist states; raising, not lowering civilian casualty rates; feeding, not starving the hopes of hawks in and out of the Pentagon who want more and harder air strikes against the North – and possibly against China too.

Last November, President Johnson said he couldn't "conceive of anyone feeling that one side ought to stop the bombing and the other side to continue it." But there hasn't been any bombing by "the other side." The time for us to have stopped was two years ago. Better now than two years hence. The prudent maxim has become: the more US military activity in Vietnam, the worse, the less the better.

# Money at Work

Mayor John Lindsay of New York said at the Ribicoff hearings last year that his city needs something on the order of $50 billion over the next 10 years to reconstruct itself into habitable form. Heaven knows, and so does Lindsay, that he won't get such sums. In the meantime, the mayor has directed his busy bureaus and task forces to concentrate their resources on helping the hard-core slums. The city's capital budget reflects that policy; it could be the most energetic slum-aid program so far undertaken in the country. Last week the city announced a new plan: to use the municipal treasury as a "social instrument" by depositing its funds in banks located in the slums. The idea is to help ghetto businesses get loans, and to train people in the arts of commercial management.

The city has millions of dollars which it can invest as it pleases. Finance Commissioner Roy Goodman estimates that perhaps "several million" might be put into slum banks as "demand deposits" (whereby the lender can recall the money whenever he pleases) to increase lending capacity in this period of "unprecedented" tight money.

The banks would give loans to good credit risks, who have found it difficult to borrow because of the economic situation, or because of latent or overt discrimination, or because they do not know the ins and outs of financial dealing. The banks would presumably give management advice and training along with the cash. Goodman cautions that the plan is quite limited. Credit terms will not be in the least relaxed. The Office of Economic Opportunity and the Small Business Administration were toying with that kind of thing last year, but couldn't make it work. Nor will the Lindsay program allow free-floating entrepreneurs suddenly to latch onto cold cash and make the ghetto bloom. For one thing, the notion that the slums are full of eager, ambitious potential businessmen, looking for a way to break into the economy, is merely



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myth. For another, the economic feasibility of businesses and services will be assessed by bankers, not by social engineers who might take different views.

As it stands, the plan is no panacea for rebuilding the "underdeveloped regions" of America's cities. There is no substitute for the enormous capital outlays and political reforms which must be made. But aid to banks is easier to swing than aid to the poor, and it will be useful to see how much Lindsay's indirect methods can help.

# Playing the Games

A nudge from housewives and the Federal Trade Commission late last year caused grocers to have second thoughts about games they were playing with shoppers. Safeway, the second largest food retailer, got out of the promotional game business fast after the FTC announced it would look into whether the games were fixed, how many people could win, and how much the games were costing the consumer. Bonus Bingo which played a part in raising Safeway's sales 14 percent and earnings 35 percent during the first nine months of 1966 "had lost its drawing power."

Last month a 78-year-old retired Kentucky coal miner had to take the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company (A&P) to court to get the $1,000 he had won playing bingo at A&P. The company first insisted that no winning tickets had been released in Hazard, Kentucky, where the miner lived. The "winner" must have forged his 0-2 card, or the winning ticket must have been a printer's error. It soon became apparent that the company controlled where winners would appear, thus enabling it to spur business in stores where sales lagged, and that the odds on winning A&P's bingo game, at least in Hazard, Kentucky, were something on the order of 2,346,666-to-one. The FTC might look into this case.

Now games are in service stations, too. Sunoco has been playing Sunny Dollars, American has All Pro, Esso plays Tigerino. The Tigerino game is especially interesting. Each time a customer visits a participating Esso station he receives a Tigerino card from the dealer. On the face of the card is a black square which when moistened reveals one or more of the letters in the word "Tiger." If a customer can spell tiger with one or several cards without duplicating letters he wins a prize of up to $1,000. Some cards are "instant cash" winners and can be redeemed for the amount of money which appears under the inked square. Usually these prizes are small, a few cents to a dollar. The Humble Oil and Refining Company provides the prize money. Small prize winners (under $10) can cash in their winning cards at the gas station and the dealer gets reimbursed by Humble. Larger winners submit their cards for validation to Tigerino Headquarters, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, a company with several names among which is S/M/K Games, Inc.

The Humble Oil Company says that dealers who have bought the Tigerino promotion (for $15 per thousand Tigerino cards) have enjoyed increased sales volume, even though the competition has its games too. But the costs to stations have in many cases offset profits and some dealers are not enthusiastic about Tigerino. The Maryland Association of Petroleum retailers, a dealers group with more than 800 members, voted in December to urge all stations to discontinue promotional games. The association said the cost of gasoline had gone up in some instances by as much as a penny a gallon as a result of the games. One Esso dealer who had declined to take Tigerino in October said he lost 6,000 gallons in sales over the same month last year – $360 in profits. In November he reluctantly bought the game, failed to recoup all of the business he had lost earlier, and was out $300 for Tigerino cards. He isn't the only one who's fed up.

The game is a nuisance. Dealers have to contend with "customers" who visit the stations solely to pick up game cards and who make no purchase. Every Tigerino card costs the dealer 1½ cents and he has to give them to everybody in a car who wants them. One lady was seen driving her Cadillac from station to station picking up Tigerino cards and buying gas only when she ran out. Her maid sat in the back seat with a bucket of water rubbing off the black squares to see if she had won. Legitimate customers often have to wait while others play games.

Some dealers have outsmarted Esso, S/M/K Games, Inc. and their customers. They have figured out how to cull the winners from a 1,000-card box of Tigerino cards and redeem them themselves. The first six cards, both at the top and bottom of a Tigerino stack, according to Esso dealers in Baltimore, are cash winners. After the first six cards have been taken off the top one can count off 60 more cards and six more winners will appear. The pattern repeats itself throughout the deck – six winners every 60 cards. All of these winners are of the small cash variety. A dealer can go through a $15-box of cards, take out the lucky winners, redeem them himself from the till, and get reimbursed by Esso. That way he gets back most of the money he pays for the cards and no one's the wiser.

David Burgoyne, a Humble Oil official in Baltimore, said he had "no way of disputing" that there is a recurring pattern of winners in Tigerino and that some dealers have been filching prize money. "But if a dealer were to do this," he said, "I don't think he would be helping himself as far as the promotion is concerned."



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# Attack on Kodak

*by James Ridgeway*

*Rochester, New York*

Last month Eastman Kodak Company agreed with FIGHT, a militant Negro organization set up by Saul Alinsky, to establish a special employment program aimed at hiring 600 people. Two days after an assistant vice president signed this agreement, Kodak's new president, Louis K. Eilers, reneged on the deal. He said the employment program was a mask for FIGHT's true purpose – a "drive for power in the community."

FIGHT was born two years ago, following the Rochester riots. The Rochester Area Council of Churches raised the money to import Alinsky. The ministers felt his sort of operation might be able to channel some of the bitterness the Negroes felt toward whites into a democratic organization that would give them a voice in the affairs of the community. Since then FIGHT (Freedom, Integration, God, Honor – Today) under its president, the Rev. Franklin Florence, has made some small gains. It represents 105 other Negro organizations that, in turn, are said to account for three-quarters of the Negro community. It got three directors on the local poverty program and runs part of the antipoverty war; it controls an urban renewal citizens committee and has arranged for an on-the-job training program with Xerox for 15 people. But with 40,000 employees, nonunion Kodak is the biggest company in town. Had its management agreed to work with FIGHT, it would have been a substantial step toward bringing Negroes into the mainstream of Rochester.

FIGHT now wants to elevate its dispute with Kodak into a national issue. The National Council of Churches already has come in on its side. Walter Reuther's Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty plans to establish a citizens committee to investigate the situation, much as it did with CDGM in Mississippi. There is talk of running ads against Kodak in the New York papers, boycotting Kodak goods, attacking major stockholders in the company and demanding that the federal government cancel contracts with Kodak because of discriminatory labor policies. (Of its 40,000 employees, the company says between 1,200-1,500 are Negro.)

Alinsky always has claimed that Rochester "reeks of antiquated paternalism," and resembles a "Southern plantation transplanted to the North." According to this view, the city is under the thumb of Eastman Kodak, which also controls the banks, local university, hospitals, etc. The effect of its rule is to shut Negroes away from the rest of the community.

This, however, is too simple a description. Rochester is confusing because behind the façade of fixed old-fashioned paternalism, the city is very much in motion. Of 600,000 people living there, only about 10 percent are Negro. The town is booming because of the photographic and communications business; unemployment for the metropolitan area is 1.8 percent. Unemployment among Negroes is higher, variously estimated at from eight to 25 percent, but even the people at FIGHT agree that only 4,000 more jobs are needed. The local chamber of commerce says there are 10,000 job openings, many of them for highly skilled workers. The businessmen brought in the Urban League two years ago to fend off Alinsky; the League now serves as a black employment service. The other civil rights organizations don't amount to much. An NAACP rally last year drew eight people.

Working-class whites, many of them Catholic and of Italian, Irish or German origin, offer little real resistance to FIGHT. Most of the opposition comes from the older, more well-to-do and conservative people. Perhaps they look back nostalgically to the days when the center of all commerce was Kodak and Rochester was a company town. The Rev. Mr. Florence offends them less as a black man than he does as a democrat; FIGHT is a threat because of its political style as much as anything else. These people still don't grasp the truth that they have lost control of their Negroes. The person who best reflects the old-fashioned Rochester is Paul Miller, publisher of the Gannett papers. From the beginning he opposed FIGHT, and at a recent church breakfast was once more belaboring the ministers for "sneaking" the organization past responsible citizens, and bringing into their midst this "ill-mannered tiger" (Alinsky) to preach "his hate."

"Rochester, New York, is not Rochester, Alabama," said Miller, who sounds like an undertaker. "We have primarily a refugee problem, not a racial problem." How inappropriate it was, he went on, for church people to cultivate in Negroes the idea that in Rochester as in the South, they must take something away from somebody to make progress. Miller recommended to the ministers an article in the December *Reader's Digest* entitled, "Are We a Nation of Hoods?" It provided a valuable perspective on the teachings of Jesus.

"If the organization you finance be continued," he said, "why not see that it gets a name somewhat less offensive to the total community. How about W-O-R-K instead of F-I-G-H-T, how about L-O-V-E, how about



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T-R-Y, how about D-E-E-D-S?"

The Protestant clergy have experienced a good deal of harassment since they decided to sponsor Alinsky. Richard Hughes, the council's executive director, said two ministers were leaving their pulpits because their congregations objected to FIGHT. Others have had anonymous letters circulated against them among the congregations, and telephone threats made against their families. A minister who had been attacked for supporting FIGHT found his car with the lug bolts off the wheels one morning.

Until recently the Catholics steered clear of FIGHT. But in the midst of the FIGHT-Kodak dispute, the new bishop, Fulton J. Sheen, appointed the Rev. P. David Finks as an episcopal vicar of urban ministry to advise him on the problems of the poor. Father Finks is one of the few white members of FIGHT and almost at once he was on the radio going after Kodak.

After FIGHT was organized, Friends of Fight was set up as a parallel organization to engage the white liberals. Alinsky's organizers and Florence at first feared whites would overwhelm FIGHT before its roots had taken hold in the Negro community. Friends of Fight now has a membership of 450 and looks like the beginnings of a grass-roots political organization that in the end may have more influence in Rochester than FIGHT could ever hope for. Friends of Fight wants to substitute a city income tax for the sales tax, throw out the city manager and get in a strong mayor. They want to run the Gannett press out of town and abolish the human relations commission, which is regarded as useless. Employees of Kodak and Xerox are among those active in Friends of Fight.

### *Tears and An Apology*

The FIGHT-Kodak negotiations began in September, when Florence asked the then president of Kodak, William S. Vaughn, if the company would consider starting a training and employment program for 600 people who could not meet the company's normal employment standards. Vaughn agreed to talks, and these ran on for four months. On December 20, John G. Mulder, the assistant vice president designated by Vaughn to handle negotiations, signed a joint statement with Florence. It said, "The FIGHT organization and Kodak agreed to an objective of the recruitment and referral (to include screening and selection) of 600 unemployed people over a 24-month period, barring unforeseen economic changes affecting the Rochester community." Mulder also holds the job of assistant general manager of Kodak Park, the company's main installation in Rochester. Its supervisors thereupon began to prepare the training program.

Since Mulder's appointment as chief negotiator, Vaughn had been made chairman of the company and Eilers president. Eilers heard the news of the agreement over the radio and hit the ceiling. He brought in Mulder and dressed him down for making a deal with FIGHT. He then appeared before the company's executive committee and the full board of directors, after which he called in the newspapers and openly reneged. In tears Mulder went to FIGHT negotiators and apologized for the double-cross.

In place of the December 20 agreement, Eilers asked FIGHT to support a program set forth by the company. Instead of a specific training scheme, the company says vaguely, "We have embarked on a broad expansion of our efforts to help upgrade the skills, and provide employment for, disadvantaged people from the Rochester area – members of minority groups or otherwise – who lack the education and training to find rewarding jobs. We hope that our objective to provide hundreds of these people with jobs can be realized." Eilers urged FIGHT to back this statement, which he described as "the white hope for the poor of Rochester."

"We're not interested in white hope," Florence told a FIGHT meeting. "FIGHT asks Kodak where is the black hope for the underprivileged and unemployed in Rochester."

"Tell it, Brother," yelled the crowd. "Sock it to 'em."

"They talk about America being a melting pot," said Florence, "but the question right now is not whether black can melt, but whether they can even get into the pot. That's what FIGHT has been trying to do – get some of them into the pot at Kodak."

But Eilers doesn't see it this way. He doesn't understand that the Negroes in Rochester want recognition. Instead he regards FIGHT as a menacing plot. At a press conference, he said sourly that FIGHT's "savage attack" on Kodak was but the latest in a long list of attacks the organization had made against institutions that helped build Rochester.

"From what I have been able to learn of other Alinsky efforts this one seems to be developing according to his pattern," Eilers said. "An issue is picked. Community conflict is created by much talk, noise and pressure and the creation of confusing ideas.

"In our case, the issue the Alinsky forces chose seemed to be related to the employment of Negroes. It is more and more clear, however, that all the talk about unemployment is only an issue or device being used to screen what FIGHT is really doing – and that is making a drive for power in the community."

Eilers said that while Kodak could not sign an agreement with an outside organization giving it an exclusive hold on 600 jobs, the company had urged FIGHT to refer people for employment and training just as any other interested community organization might do. "To the best of our knowledge," he added, "FIGHT has not



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sent anyone to us to apply for work. It has refused to do so unless Kodak agrees to FIGHT's demands. If FIGHT's goal is really to get jobs for people who need them, why has it not referred people to us in an orderly way as other community organizations have been doing?" Later that day, the Rev. Mr. Florence pulled out 45 duplicates of application forms which he said had been filled out by FIGHT people who applied for jobs at Kodak. But Florence maintained none had been hired.

# Powell and Black Bravado

*by Andrew Kopkind*

Neither by Constitution nor custom have honesty, chastity or modesty been considered qualifications for membership in the US House of Representatives. If they were, Adam Clayton Powell would have been booted out years ago, along with many, if not most of his fellows. At last, the expulsion of Adam was for a far more deadly sin. He had become, as a fellow-Democrat said, "a clear and present danger to us all."

"I'm tired of Congress being run down. I'm tired of people thinking that there's something wrong with you or I," Rep. Morris Udall (D, Ariz.) said, when debate opened in the House last Tuesday on the Powell *affaire*. "Nobody's asking that Adam be a saint," another Democrat complained later, "but he doesn't understand that other politicians have to get elected to public office. Adam gets elected from Harlem by acclamation. I come from a different part of the forest; I don't want to lose my seat. Adam is like a guy who runs up a terrific bill in nightclubs and bars and hotels around town – and signs my name to the check. I have to make more excuses for Adam Powell in my district. . . . It got to the point that he was imperiling the necks of everyone."

Powell's mistake, which compounded his sin, was what Old Manny Celler, the dean of the House, called "an undue sense of bravado." It wasn't that he smoked slender cigars at a rakish angle, put his friends and relatives on the office payroll, took extravagant trips at public expense, and libeled a Harlem maid. But he did it with such flair, and he seemed to be having so much fun.

Worse than that, the fact of Powell's race seemed to impose special responsibilities of courtesy and honor on him. Rep. Joe Pool can defy federal court orders (halting HUAC hearings), Wayne Hays can take the House dining-room headwaiter to Europe ("he's a better ambassador than I am") and Sam Gibbons can locate a VA hospital on his father's land. But Negroes should be a credit to their race. "The gentleman from New York might have been one of the great men of the century," a House liberal said at the Democratic Study Group caucus. Alas, Powell was no Jackie Robinson or Lena Horne.

Powell has had race working for him, in the way Negroes get to be student council presidents at white colleges, or Peace Corps volunteers become demigods in Andean villages. But it works against him, too. He had to fight Southern racists to become chairman of the Education and Labor Committee. He has to fight Northern liberals who want *their* Negroes to be something special. And he has to fight white constituencies in 434 districts throughout the country.

"Nobody blames me for Howard Smith or H. R. Gross," a Northern Democrat said last week. "But whites all over America blame their congressmen for Adam." One House member from an urban district, presumably liberal to a fault, guessed that white sentiment was running ten-to-one against Powell. Dozens of letters began with variants of the disclaimer, "As a supporter of the cause of civil rights . . ." and then proceeded to demand Powell's expulsion. "I feel that he will become a hero to the improper elements in the civil rights movement," a clergyman wrote. One telegram, signed by an anonymous committee of constituents, urged a congressman to do "what is right for *all* our citizens" and unseat Powell; in the lexicon of racist euphemisms, "all" means "white."

Despite the best efforts of the congressional debaters, the racial issue would not disappear. When Udall asked for unanimous consent to let Powell defend himself, there was a loud "No" from the direction of Alabama Republican William Dickinson. Speaker McCormack asked the objector to identify himself, and Dickinson sheepishly withdrew his protest, but in the usual oblique way, the South had spoken.

From there on, the House was debating a grotesque "Civil Rights Act of 1967," with the issue not fair housing or integrated juries, but the political future of



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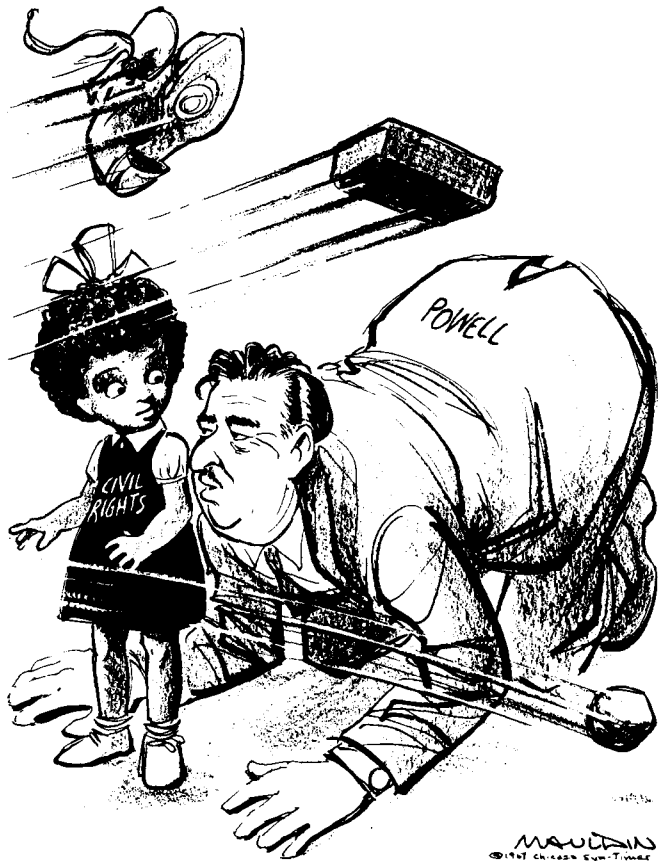
Adam Powell. Like civil rights acts of previous years, the issues were clouded with all kinds of political interests, and it was not always easy to tell the villains from the heroes. Powell's troubles began, in one sense, with the collapse of the white people's civil rights movement last year, and the widespread fear of "black power." Powell was the black power congressman, and although he treated the subject with the same ambiguity he brings to most subjects, he captured its capacity to intimidate whites and excite Negroes.

The new theme was "power," and Adam was in many ways the most powerful black man in America, if not because of his office, at least because of his independence. "There's a distinction between Adam Powell the chairman of a powerful committee, and Adam Powell a congressman from the 18th District of New York," Udall said in the House debate. Even in a decaying Great Society, the Education and Labor Committee is hugely powerful, in terms of the billions it authorizes, the social institutions it can manipulate, the political leverage it commands. Negro leaders both cautious and militant know that to de-chairmanize Powell is to deprive black America of its most advantageous power base, and all of them, from Roy Wilkins and Philip Randolph to Stokely Carmichael and the Black Muslims, came to Powell's defense.




*"It's you they're after, Baby."*

How Powell had used his power was another question. He inspired the ghettoes of America far better than he was able to reconstruct them. He organized his Harlem constituency more effectively than any Negro leader had done anywhere, but it was unclear what the organization was for; much of the time, it appeared to be a personal color guard. An old friend and supporter said with some bitterness last week: "Adam didn't give a damn about black power or green power or any kind of power except Powell power."

On the committee and in the House he was arbitrary, peevish, maddening, vastly amusing and often cowardly. He hated to lose a floor fight, and as in the minimum wage debate last year, would give far more than necessary in order to get a "victory." He was inordinately fond of praise from important people. Friends say his most thrilling experience of the last Congress was the two telephone calls he got from President Johnson, recuperating in Bethesda from a gall-bladder operation, urging passage of the Teacher Corps bill. It was the only major bill in the administration program Powell had ignored, and whether he held off "on the merits" or for the phone calls is his own secret.

Other members of the committee were perplexed. He alternately wooed and walloped them. He gave Republicans more money and staff privileges than they enjoyed on any other committee, and he maintained a mutual interest and admiration society with the ranking GOP member, William Ayres, of Ohio. Powell let junior members have important responsibilities; they chaired subcommittees and put their names on bills (*e.g.*, the "Scheuer Amendment" for training subprofessional workers) which many chairmen might have kept for themselves. But he was also brutal and infuriating. At one committee meeting, Frank Thompson complained to Powell that he was unfairly avoiding action on a labor bill. "You keep on changing the rules," Thompson chided. Powell puffed his cigar: "It's my game, baby."

It was, up to a point. The committee met only when Powell was in town, which was not often. There were only two rump meetings in the recent session, and both ended in disarray. Powell was in control in Bimini or Paris or wherever he happened to be.

Then last fall, the underlings on the committee began sniffing the wind. They moved to dilute Powell's powers as chairman, and although Powell boasted he remained as strong as ever, they did manage to cut into the aura of invulnerability. Powell said the new rules were "written in my office," which was, as a matter of fact, undue bravado. Still, Powell held on. Then an obscure San Diego two-term congressman named Lionel Van Deerlin latched on to the "Powell



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issue" and announced that he, a fellow-Democrat, would move to unseat Powell when the 90th Congress met. Things started to fall apart. Wayne Hays' House Administration subcommittee hired private detectives and discovered that Powell had been throwing his Air Travel Card around somewhat indiscriminately. The Powell office payroll seemed to be padded, and contempt judgments against Powell, for the libel suit in New York, were escalating.

In Bimini, Powell could not decide whether to fight or surrender. In late December, he issued a strong statement of his position, withdrew it before it could be published in the white press (it made some Negro papers), then reissued it when he came to believe he might win after all. He counted on the Democratic leadership and the Democratic Study Group liberals rallying to his side, spurred by a national "movement" of black protest.

For once, he counted wrong. The leadership was willing to tolerate Powell, but not risk its position, in this time of troubles, for either his chairmanship or, if it came to that, his seat. And the DSG liberals in the end were his assassins.

### *They Had to "Police" Themselves*

Many of the DSG leaders were Powell's committee members – Thompson, John Brademas, Edith Green, James O'Hara. They were in a mood to revolt. "I'd like to be loyal to him if he'd let me," one committee member said. "But he lies, double-crosses, and stabs us all in the back." But that was only part of it. The DSG liberals want to secure their role as the balance of power in the House. Powell was embarrassing and undermining. Morris Udall told the DSG caucus that they had to "police" themselves first, before the Republicans and the Southern Democrats did it – much more thoroughly.

Besides, the liberals were frying other fish. They wanted to replace veteran House Clerk Ralph Roberts with the defeated Virginia representative, Pat Jennings. With the clerkship goes patronage, and there was a sinecure of "Coordinator of Information" waiting for William Phillips, recently returned to the DSG "staff" from a stint as lobbyist for the Office of Economic Opportunity. An appointment for Phillips would provide a good base for DSG "reforms."

The DSG had some hope that they might get rid of Rules Committee Chairman William Colmer of Mississippi along with Powell as chairman of Education and Labor. John Brademas argued eloquently for Colmer's removal at the DSG caucus. But it was in vain. The sentiment against Colmer was not considered "strong enough" to warrant a move in the larger Democratic Party caucus, and the matter was dropped. So the DSG was left with the removal of Powell as the main objective of reform in this Congress. The liberals hoped that the "deal" – to keep Colmer's chairmanship and throw out Powell's – would save Powell's seat in Congress. And when the House debate began, Udall, sounding somewhat like the guilty conscience of the liberals, led the fight to seat Powell as he had led the DSG wolf pack against Powell's chairmanship two days before.

Udall spoke with force and sincerity. He pointed out that the Democrats had already stripped Powell of his real power – the chairmanship. He said that Powell should be seated until a select committee could investigate all charges and give him his "day in court." He did not say why it was fair of the Democratic caucus to remove Powell from his chairmanship before such a hearing, but no one thought to suggest inconsistency. Majority Leader Carl Albert was also for Powell's seating, although he was rather less adroit than Udall: "The American way is to first give a man a trial," Albert slipped, "and then to convict him."

Republican Leader Gerald Ford, as usual, did a mediocre job of debate. He wanted to keep Powell from his seat *until* an investigation was made. It hardly mattered how well Ford spoke. Udall and the DSG were so eloquent against Powell in their defense of him, that they had convinced most members of his unvirtue. Powell stood puffing his cigar at the railing in back of the House. He knew how bad the vote would be. Udall gallantly gave him four minutes to defend himself, but he used less. At the end, the Detroit Negro congressman, John Conyers, put in a word for the Udall proposal because Powell wanted it. Conyers' heart wasn't in the plea. He had resigned in disgust from the DSG the day before, and he would have preferred to remain silent or damn the whole proceeding. No other Negro spoke.

The Udall motion, to seat Powell now and investigate later, was defeated 305 to 126. There were no Republican votes for it, and the Democratic opponents included all the Southerners, many of the border states representatives, and backlash-conscious types from Illinois (Pucinski), New York (Wolff) and California (Tunney). The House then overwhelmingly passed the Ford resolution – to keep Powell from his seat (with pay) until the investigation. Powell went outside and told a crowd on the Capitol steps that he would start an independent political force, that they should not pay taxes, and that they should "keep the faith." There were rumors that he was about to resign, or to open the files he is supposed to be keeping on the errant behavior of other members. But finally the bravado was unconvincing. The thing he wanted most was power in Congress, and he would never have that again.



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# The Rock That Does Not Roll to Franco's Beat

*Gibraltar*

Surrounded by sycophants, dictators cannot be prevented from making monumental mistakes, and Francisco Franco today finds himself out on a limb – the southernmost limb of the Iberian peninsula, the Rock of Gibraltar.

In a series of moves to back his claim to the prosperous little territory – Britain offered to go before the International Court but Franco refused – he has made nearly half the Spanish workmen there unemployed, done considerable damage to the southern Spain tourist boom, and made Gibraltarians hate him more than ever.

Named Djebel Tarik by its first effective (Berber) ruler, Gibraltar has been British for three-and-a-half centuries. Its 25,000 population of long-imported Genoese Catholics, Moroccan Jews, English Protestants and Indian Hindus, with sprinklings of Chinese Confucians, Japanese Shintoists, Portuguese and Maltese, has relatively little that is overtly Spanish – although many Gibraltarians are Spanish from the distaff side and almost all speak fluent Spanish.

The telephone book is predominantly Italian, Arabo-Berber and British, and the Spanish here are roughly what African labor is in Johannesburg – people who come in daily from their modest locations across the frontier line and do the garbage collecting and car greasing which Gibraltarians decline to do, while their wives clean out local homes or serve cups of tea to the Royal Navy.

With three times the per capita income of Spain itself, the city-state – a self-governing colony with its own emission bank and quasi-painless fiscality – has invested more in Britain alone, per Gibraltarian head, than Britain has invested in the world at large.

There has never been a political movement in Gibraltar favoring closer links with Spain; since Franco came to power, the very notion would be like asking Hawaii to join Red China. Not a single reporter has ever discovered a single Gibraltarian prepared to envisage concessions to Spain. The main arguments are neither the strong cultural-ethnic nor the even stronger financial ones, but the question of retaining a freely elected government, an articulately free press and labor movement, and freedom of worship.

Franco's most serious strategic error was in launching his frontier harassments against Gibraltar just as a bevy of prospectors were on the point of hitting oil (and phosphates, and sufficient underground lakes for extensive agriculture) in the Spanish Sahara. Morocco's semi-official press hinted this month that any concessions Britain might make to Madrid over Gibraltar would have to be matched not only by a share, for Morocco, in the Spanish Sahara oil bonanza, but also by concessions in the six other "Gibraltars" which Spain still occupies within the Moroccan state itself.

One of these, the bristling military base of Ceúta, is clearly visible from "Gib." Four more are also on the Mediterranean shore, while another, south of Agadir – Sidi Ifni – is big enough to warrant a governor-general. Morocco has tolerated the foreign bases until now, presumably in return for assurances of Spanish military help if Algeria should invade Morocco. Today, such an invasion seems remote, and Franco's Gibraltar exercise may well end up by costing him the loss of the five *presidios* and Sidi Ifni, concessions on the Spanish Sahara – and no Gibraltar.

Morocco would, however, have some difficulty enforcing its will on Spain, if it came to force. Spain would not find it easy to take Gibraltar either, even if a British prime minister could be found to deliver the loyal citizens here to the tender mercies of Franco or his successors. A gaunt mountain with a maze of narrow streets at its foot, manned by a population that would defend the bastion doggedly, nothing short of slaughter would permit a Spanish *Gobernador* to enter the pink former convent where the present governor now resides.

Britain's stand over Gibraltar, since Labour came to power, has been less resolute than that of Gibraltarians. Few statesmen could be more devious than Harold Wilson, and when Wilson condescended to meet rebel Rhodesian leader Ian Smith off Gibraltar earlier this month, Gibraltarians compared the gesture to the softness which they think Wilson has shown to Franco. If the Gibraltar case went before the world court, the Treaty of Utrecht would likely be seen as confirming Britain's rights and Spain's acquiescence. As the treaty does not clearly cover the isthmus where the airport stands, Britain has offered to share the airport with Spain and to demote the Gibraltarian government to the status of a city council.

Gibraltar has evolved only two points of view on what it calls the Spanish problem. The majority view of Chief Minister Sir Joshua Hassan favors the status quo. A minority view wants total integration into Britain as a county council and parliamentary constituency. Franco's harassments, and Wilson's "weakness," have strengthened the minority faction, and both sides seem to be moving toward a compromise – a "Channel Islands," separate-fiscality, profit-sanctuary, free-port, internally self-governing incorporation into the United Kingdom.

Some of the 6,000 (out of 14,000) Spaniards who have lost their jobs, mostly through the Franco-induced



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retrenchment in Gibraltar, have been replaced by Moroccans. More workers will be brought from Sir Joshua Hassan's ancestral home if accommodation can be provided for them in the crowded little colony. The flourishing tourist agencies, which formerly directed their attentions and their customers to southern Spain, now concentrate on Africa. Gibair's single route to Tangier has been extended to Casablanca, and routes further afield are sought.

A Gibraltarian delegation will soon tour the African countries explaining that "Gib's" desire to be independent of Spain is at least as great as Spanish Guinea's, and offering African states the advantages of Gibraltar's trade and banking facilities. Meanwhile, in Gibraltar itself, the Union Jack is everywhere, pro-British slogans are painted or stickered over everything, the "fish and chip parlors" pointedly guarantee "all genuine North Sea haddock" (in other words, not caught by Spanish fishermen), and beer has replaced wine in the bodegas – pardon, pubs. With wheeled traffic across the border forbidden, 8,000 Spaniards must daily walk past a frontier cottage wall bearing Gibraltar's unanimous sentiment: "*Franco muerte*" – Franco, drop dead. RUSSELL WARREN HOWE

## PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS IN KING CONSTANTINE'S GREECE

# Behind the Aspida Trial

*Athens*

Greek lawyers possess to a phenomenal degree the art of all speaking at once without pause or mutual distraction. Seldom can this proficiency have been on finer display than at the daily forensics of the "Aspida" court-martial, now entering its second month with the examination of the twentieth of the 240 witnesses for the prosecution. The accused, 27 officers of the Greek Army and one of the Greek Air Force, sit in rows down the center of a large assembly hall. They sit according to rank, the four colonels to the front, facing the bench of military judges and flanked on either side by the crowded benches of their attorneys. Many of them are leading politicians of the Center Union, the party that has been in conflict with the palace.

A typical day starts with four defense attorneys rising on their feet like parliamentarians to deliver four simultaneous tirades at the president, a supreme court justice who has been fitted into a general's uniform for the occasion. After enduring this for a while the president begins speaking himself, which makes five of them, and presently tiring of the competition rings his bell, an electronic device which clangs like a fire alarm not at the president's desk but, with weird acoustic irrelevance, at the opposite end of the hall.

It is a brigadier general who is being cross-examined. Practically all his evidence is hearsay and would not be admitted in a British or American court. Each defense attorney precedes virtually every question with a passionate political speech, immediately followed by an altercation with the president, both men of course speaking at once for long after the baleful clanging of the fire alarm. Frequently the president stops the witness from answering questions, or answers for him. Occasionally, just occasionally, the witness resolves to get into the act and speaks for himself, whereupon – nothing daunted – the defense attorney continues his own speech in parallel. At one point during the day one of the accused springs up, addresses the court at length and unlike anyone else is listened to in silence.

The indictment, a rambling political essay of some 475 pages, reads less like a legal brief than two years' output of Drew Pearson's columns laid end to end – an impression not abated by the fact that a Drew Pearson column is actually cited in one key passage. The upshot of it all is that Professor Andreas Papandreou, a minister in his father's cabinet at the time of most of the acts alleged, was plotting with a bunch of secret service officers in Cyprus to carry out a left-wing coup against the palace. The plot is said to have been discovered and exposed to the king by General Grivas, the hero of the guerrilla war in Cyprus against the British and now the commander-in-chief of the combined Greek and Greek-Cypriot forces in the island. When one considers that part, at least, of the defense's case, as it emerges from the cross-examination speeches, is that General Grivas was at the time engaged with another bunch of secret service officers in a right-wing plot against Archbishop Makarios, the president of Cyprus, the story can be seen to have achieved television serial complexity.

Professor Andreas Papandreou, though to all intents and purposes the chief accused, is not on trial. If he had



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been this could not have been a court-martial: the code provides that mixed cases in which both military and civilians are charged must be heard before a civilian court. The alleged accomplices are, therefore, being charged but not the principal, a tortuous procedure which gives rise to the suspicion that the court-martial has been planned as a fishing expedition which it is hoped will land material damaging to the professor.

All this can best be understood in terms of the two major feuds which now dominate Greek public life: one between General Grivas and Archbishop Makarios on Cyprus; the other between Professor Papandreou and King Constantine. It is perhaps significant that the left-wing "Aspida oath" which Captain Bouloukos and a few others are supposed to have administered to their brother officers has also been identified with the oath of General Grivas' extreme right-wing "X" organization during the wartime resistance. "Aspida" is simply a mnemonic for a list of slogans nowadays associated with Andreas Papandreou. Evidently they are all-purpose political slogans.

In fact Bouloukos and company were originally hero-worshippers of Grivas but as intelligence officers – six of the accused worked for the KYP (the Greek CIA) in Cyprus – were fully aware of the general's incessant political intrigues, including his repeated efforts to overthrow Makarios, and apparently they became disillusioned with him.

Once Grivas had reported the existence of "Aspida" to the king. Constantine insisted on a full inquiry, to which his prime minister, George Papandreou agreed – but provided he himself could take over the ministry of defense, during the investigations of his son's relations with the forces. This produced the head-on collision between monarch and premier, out of which came the splitting of the Center Union under royal pressure, and the installation of the minority Stefanopoulos government, consisting of 49 right-wing defectors from Papandreou who were kept in office by the votes of the conservative ERE Party.

### *Where the Turmoil Rages*

Andreas Papandreou, around whom all this turmoil rages, was the chairman of the economics department of the University of California, Berkeley, until at the end of 1960, when he was 41, he decided to return to the country of his origin and work to transform Greece into "a modern Mediterranean and European nation to be taken seriously by others." As an economist he might be described as a radical of the Theodore Roosevelt vintage. He is anti monopoly and pro free market, he places great trust in the progressive income tax and subsidies for farmers. The democratic left in Greece, including most of the young intellectuals, love him more for his style and for the enemies he has made than for his specific policies.

With this challenge to the entrenched privileges of the economic right which those Greeks with something to lose undoubtedly take very seriously indeed, the younger Papandreou combines a Gaullist attitude to foreign policy. Trailing an American career behind him and with an American wife at his side, he perhaps feels the need to lay his anti-American credentials on the table. He reproaches the crown with having sold out to NATO and the United States by, for example, acquiescing every time the State Department demands direct Greek-Turkish negotiations over Cyprus. The Greek national interest, he says, "must serve as a counterbalance to the faithful execution of our obligations as allies." In a very close echo of the French president he insists that "we must protect our freedom to decide in case of international crisis, we must make it clear to our allies that the existing treaties of alliance bind us only in case of unprovoked attack."

Papandreou sees the crown behind all the institutions he is most anxious to shake up and he calls for an end to the king's traditional involvement in diplomacy and the control of the armed forces. He considers that his father's last government represented far too great a compromise with old-fashioned policies.

But the smooth handling of the latest change of government makes it look as if the elder Papandreou has in the process become somewhat alienated from his thrusting son. This was a contrived crisis. An envoy from the palace worked out the script with the publishers of the newspapers of the two major political parties, the conservative ERE and Papandreou's Center Union. The two party presidents gave their assent. Stefanopoulos, the minority premier, was abruptly sacked. A nonpolitical ministry of experts headed by a banker-prime minister was rapidly fitted into place, with a pledge from both party leaders that it should have a six months' parliamentary mandate in order to prepare for elections by the end of May.

Andreas Papandreou was not given the slightest advance warning by his father and was in fact strongly opposed to the Pareskevopoulos ministry being given a parliamentary mandate. It is even rumored that as part of the pact both major parties have agreed to play down their "extremists" during the election campaign. On January 9, Andreas stopped opposing the new government and returned to his father's party fold. It looks as if the king has decided to crawl back from his exposed political limb and as if George Papandreou has been induced to help him do it. If so, the fascinating question now remains: what is to become of the "Aspida" trial? Was this also in the pact? Perhaps we shall never hear from the 240 prosecution witnesses, not to mention the defense witnesses. KEITH KYLE



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# Atlantic Technological Imbalance

*by Robert L. Pfaltzgraff Jr.*

In the past generation, the United States has outpaced Western Europe in basic science and technology. To be sure, in some fields, such as chemicals and metallurgy, Europe does not lag behind. But in others – electronics, aircraft, space satellites and launching systems, and, to a certain extent, nuclear energy – we have advanced so far so fast that there exists an Atlantic "technological imbalance."

Early last October, Italy's foreign minister, Amintore Fanfani, proposed transatlantic technological collaboration in computers, aeronautics, space research, space satellites, atomic and general energy research, and the problems of desalting water and combating air and soil pollution. The Italian government's proposal, which was not made public, is said to have called for the formation of a European Technological Community, perhaps to be patterned after the existing European Community. On November 14, Prime Minister Wilson seconded the suggestion, and that same month President Johnson declared that the US and West European countries were "exploring how best to develop science and technology as a common resource." The President, on November 26, established an interdepartmental committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Donald Hornig, presidential assistant for science and technology, to examine the problem. The committee has on it representatives of the Departments of State, Defense and Commerce, as well as the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Council of Economic Advisers and the office of the Special Representative for Trade Negotiations.

The imbalance has caused alarm in Western Europe. For example, the French are loath to depend exclusively upon the US or upon companies in Europe in which American investment, and hence influence, is great for certain computers which may be needed for the French defense program. The future of other European defense programs (the British have bought our F-111 supersonic bomber) may hinge on the willingness of Washington to permit American firms to supply advanced equipment or know-how.

Not only in Europe, but in markets elsewhere, European industry may be unable to compete with American firms having access to advanced technologies. For our industry does have available to it a variety of new technologies, the "spin-off" from large-scale expenditures for research and development. Finally, Western Europeans are alarmed at the loss of scientists, engineers and technicians, lured to the US by expectation of higher salaries, more elaborate laboratory equipment, and greater opportunities for creativity. A British scientist, Lord Bowden, said last month that, "The value of the people we are losing is so great that it is the largest single item in our balance of payments."

Several factors have contributed to the imbalance. For one thing, it costs many times more to design, build and mass-produce an aircraft today than it did 20 years ago. In 1962, the latest year for which we have comparable figures, US expenditures for research and development were over $17 billion. In that year we spent more than $9 billion just for military and space programs. In contrast, total expenditures in Britain for R & D were estimated at about $1.8 billion, and France and the German Federal Republic each spent approximately $1.1 billion. Expenditures in the three major West European countries for military and space R & D were: Britain, $690 million; France, $330 million; German Federal Republic, $215 million. The gap is great not only in absolute terms, but as a percentage of the Gross National Product. In 1962, R & D for military and space purposes accounted for 1.6 percent of US GNP, while in Western Europe the percentages were: Britain, 0.9; France, 9.5; German Federal Republic, 0.2.

The "spin-off" from expenditures for military and nonmilitary programs accrues to American industry in various forms. As an instance, aerospace research has produced new paints and medical sensoring devices. And according to reports delivered at the meeting of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics in early December, systems analysis, more highly perfected in defense and aerospace industries, can be applied to problem-solving in civilian industries.

In all likelihood, no West European country alone could equal our investment in R & D; the entire defense budget of Britain or France is substantially smaller than the total US expenditures for R & D alone in any single year. Only we and the Russians have the resources to put into R & D in many sectors of advanced science and technology.

But the West European countries are deficient in other prerequisites as well. In many cases, they lack

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adequate scientific manpower for major breakthroughs and their exploitation. In some parts of Western Europe, moreover, stigma still attaches to a career in engineering or other occupations in applied science. In addition, West European national markets are not large enough to permit the mass production needed to lower the unit cost of some products based upon advanced technology. An American manufacturer of aircraft, for instance, can usually rely upon a huge domestic market which may include the government as well as commercial airlines. Because of this market, an aircraft manufacturer can extend production runs, and because of the larger size of many US industries, including aircraft, the American manufacturer can often promise earlier delivery dates and provide service facilities which may be beyond the capacity of his smaller European counterpart. According to the 1965 report of the Committee of Inquiry into the British Aircraft Industry, the Plowden Commission: "In spite of the scale of American (aircraft) exports, their home market is nine times larger than their export sales. The corresponding British ratio is 3½ to 1, and the French 2 to 1. With such a vast home market completely assured for government purchases, and largely assured for civil aircraft, the Americans have a solid base for overseas operations."

How is this technological imbalance to be redressed? A large-scale "European" space program, or even a "European" aircraft industry competitive with the US, may not prove possible, unless "European" institutions come into being capable of giving the necessary centralized direction. Decisions beyond the national level might have to be taken as to the criteria for the allocation of contracts, the emphasis to be given to one or another kind of R & D, and, most important, the specific products to be developed. For example, the building of "European" military aircraft might depend upon agreement on a "European" strategic doctrine.

West European countries have got together on several programs for technological collaboration – Euratom, the European Space Research Organization (ESRO), the European Launcher Development Organization (ELDO), and the European Organization for Nuclear Research (CERN). Yet the bulk of R & D expenditures in Western Europe still go into national programs, and those "European" R & D efforts which have been attempted thus far have not been unqualified successes. ELDO has faced several crises which have threatened to curtail development of a rocket to be used in the launching of a European telecommunications satellite system. Both Britain and France have questioned the utility of the ELDO program on the grounds that it might only produce an obsolescent and uncompetitive launcher, the economic benefits of which would bear little relationship to the expenditures for its development and production. In the spring of 1966 Britain, dissatisfied with the program, obtained a reduction in her proportion of the ELDO budget.

The obstacles to European technological collaboration include restrictive national legislation, industrial secrecy, disparities in the size of firms, differences in levels of technological proficiency, and difficulties in assuring an equitable allocation of contracts among participants. To a considerable extent, the solution to Europe's problems in the fields of advanced technology, may lie in the emergence of firms approximating in size their US competitors. In this connection, the Common Market, especially to the extent that it encourages transnational mergers may contribute to the narrowing of the technological imbalance.

Technological collaboration has an Atlantic as well as a European dimension. American technologies have been made available to Western Europe through the transfer of patents, licensing of processes and direct American investment. Yet this form of collaboration has led some in Europe to worry over a deficit in Europe's "technological balance of payments," *i.e.*, the difference between payments and receipts for patents, licenses and technical know-how. According to an OECD study, the total payments of France, Belgium, Great Britain, the German Federal Republic, and Italy to the United States for advanced technologies totaled nearly $250 million in 1961, while total receipts to the same European countries for the sale of technology to the US in the same year were less than $50 million.

Some Europeans are fearful too that their firms will become the junior partner in vast US-dominated research and development. One alternative is a European R & D program, which might approximate that of the United States – but only in selected fields. And indeed, from the standpoint of American industry, there may be little incentive for greater technological collaboration with Western Europe, *unless* the Europeans expand substantially their R & D base. In the chemical industry, where no wide "technological gap" exists,

COMING: *Ed Dowling explains what you pay for when you buy packaged foods*



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total European expenditures for R & D do approximate those of the US.

Many of the problems which face Western Europe in financing large-scale R & D may confront even the United States in less than a generation if the cost of scientific-technological innovation continues to rise, as it doubtless will. That is why some political-economic-technological unit having greater financial resources, skilled manpower, and markets than the United States may be needed in order to maximize the potential inherent in science and technology. Western Europe, if it built a larger R & D base, could be an attractive partner – and not a junior partner – to the United States in mastering the technological revolution.

# The Ky Question

*by Tran Van Dinh*

To the increasing resentment of the Southerners, all the key posts in the government of South Vietnam are now held by men from North Vietnam. General Nguyen Cao Ky, the prime minister, is a Northerner; so are the secretary general of the National Leadership Committee which advises Ky; the minister for National Reconstruction (in charge of pacification); the director general of police and of military security; the ministers for information and for state security; the chief of staff; and the commander of the troops that surround Saigon and protect Ky against a *coup d'état*. Northerners control the army, the police, the pacification, the propaganda, have all the money, all the power, and thus control 14 million South Vietnamese.

Yet 63 of the 64 members of the Central Committee of the National Liberation Front, the political arm of the Viet Cong that both the State Department and Ky say is a puppet of Hanoi and of Peking, are Southerners. The one exception, Nguyen Van Tien, is a Northerner in the sense that he was born in North Vietnam; but he has spent most of his adult life in the South, having taught school in Saigon before he joined the anti-French Resistance in 1945. Last month, Tien was named as permanent NLF representative in Hanoi, where he told Harrison Salisbury of *The New York Times:* "The North cannot speak for the South."

General Ky's regime is endangered by the growing Southern dislike of being ruled by the Northerners as well as by dissensions within his own top ranks.

On November 28, 1966, Brigadier General Phan Trong Chinh, commanding officer of the 25th Division of the ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam), issued an order of the day to his troops in which he accused Colonel Cecil F. Honeycutt, his American "adviser," of "impoliteness, threats and other high-handed methods," and said that he wants to "save his honor and especially that of the Vietnamese he represents." It was announced in Saigon on January 9 that Chinh had rescinded his accusation against Colonel Honeycutt and also that he had issued a second memorandum to his officers, declaring that, with a new American adviser succeeding Honeycutt, a "new atmosphere" had been created. He asked them to "have a correct attitude toward our American friends," and declared: "The past has gone like a dark cloud." But there is considerable doubt whether the controversy has been really settled or just politely papered over.

General Chinh is 40 and is from a well-to-do family in North Vietnam. His father, Phan Trong Vinh, a major in the French Army, was killed by the Vietminh in North Vietnam in 1949. To avenge his father and uphold the family's honor, Phan Trong Chinh enlisted in the French Army and commanded the 3rd Battalion of Vietnamese Paratroopers. His comrade-in-arms was a dashing officer from Hue in Central Vietnam, called Nguyen Chanh Thi, who commanded the 5th Battalion of Vietnamese Paratroopers. Thi and Chinh were the most decorated officers of the time.

When the 1954 Geneva Agreements temporarily divided Vietnam at the 17th Parallel, Phan Trong Chinh moved south and became chief of staff for the Paratroopers Brigade commanded by his friend Thi. In 1959, Thi became disillusioned with the dictatorial regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem. He had served faithfully since 1954 and Diem considered Thi his most

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TRAN VAN DINH *was Chargé d'Affaires and Acting Ambassador of Vietnam to the US in 1964. After representing his country in several Asian countries and in Latin America, he resigned from the Vietnamese foreign service to live and work in Washington as a journalist, author and lecturer. Born in the Imperial City of Hue in 1923 he fought against the Japanese and the French (1942-49) in the nationalist cause.*



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trusted and capable officer. Thi revolted against Diem in 1960 and enlisted Phan Trong Chinh in the revolt which, however, failed. Thi escaped to Cambodia but Chinh was sentenced to 18 years' hard labor. The successful 1963 coup which overthrew Diem released him, and when his old friend Nguyen Thi returned from exile and was named commander of the 1st Division, Chinh joined Thi as commanding officer of the 51st Regiment of the 1st Division at Quang Ngai, a Viet Cong stronghold and a border province with Laos. He was made brigadier general in July 1966.

General Phan Trong Chinh's denunciation of his US adviser is not a simple and isolated act of a hotheaded officer. It is inherent in the military escalation of the US commitment in South Vietnam and the relegation of the ARVN to the baby-sitting role of pacification. With 400,000 troops and billions of dollars to spend, it would be difficult if not impossible for the US *not* to interfere in the affairs of South Vietnam, especially military affairs. General Vo Nguyen Giap, minister of defense and commander in chief of North Vietnam's armed forces, sees this as a very important element in the eventual "defeat of the US." In a two-hour interview with M. Jacques Decornoy in Hanoi (*Le Monde*, December 8, 1966) General Giap, the victor at Dien Bien Phu, was quoted as saying: "The puppet troops [the ARVN] have lost a great deal of their fighting capacities since the arrival of the Americans, for the Americans have been themselves defeated. And also, there are conflicts among the Americans and the puppet troops. It is a very serious matter for the Americans." It is also serious for General Ky, whose army is paid by the US, which is eager to win the war militarily and has to assume ever-greater military authority.

*"Holy helicopter, Boy Wonder, what happened?"*

General Phan Trong Chinh is a close friend of General Le Nguyen Khang, commander of the 3rd Army Corps on whom Ky relies for staying in power. Chinh also has four brothers, all in the ARVN, ranking from captain to colonel. Loyalty to family is still strong in Vietnam. Chinh is highly regarded by his fellow officers. Moreover, he is a paratrooper (the best arm of the ARVN) and there is a strong sense of solidarity among paratroopers. Five divisions out of 10 of the ARVN (the 25th, the 23rd, the 10th, the 1st and the Paratroop Division) are commanded by paratroopers. A few days after Chinh quarreled with his US adviser, the mayor of Saigon, Colonel Van Van Cua, also a paratrooper, was handcuffed and arrested by the US Military Police. He is the brother-in-law of General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, chief of police of South Vietnam.

General Chinh's grievances against his US adviser were aired at a most unfortunate time for General Ky, who is struggling to survive the conflict between Northerners and Southerners. More than ever, Ky needs all the support he can get from the Northerners, to remain in power. There is at present an intense if not yet open fight between General Nguyen Van Thieu, the head of state, and Ky. Coming from Central Vietnam and therefore less hated by the Southerners, Thieu is very cunning, operating behind the scenes. Now over 40, Thieu aspires to the presidency.

The conflict between Southerners and Northerners approached crisis point a week before the October 1966 Manila conference. Dr. Huynh Tan Loc, Undersecretary of Health, a Southerner, was arrested by General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, who is himself a Northerner and close friend of Ky. General Ky weathered the crisis by a reshuffle of his cabinet, but the government crisis was a reflection of deep dissension between Southerners and Northerners in the Constituent Assembly. The member of the Constituent Assembly who led the fight against the domination of Northerners in the administration of the military junta was Tran Van Van, who came from a family of Southern landlords, was educated in Paris and was the leading member of the group of politicians who signed the April 26, 1960 "Manifesto of the Eighteen" which condemned strongly President Ngo Dinh Diem's dictatorship. (These 18 politicians are also called the Caravelle Group as they used to meet at the luxurious



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downtown Saigon hotel, the Caravelle.) Elected to the Constituent Assembly in September 1966, Tran Van Van became the leading spokesman for the Southerners and led successfully the fight to fix the minimum age of the presidential candidate at 40. This automatically would bar Ky from the race; Ky is 37.

*Decision by Assassination*

About 8:30 on the morning of December 7, while riding to his office in his car, Tran Van Van was killed by two gunmen on a motorcycle who fired at close range. Immediately Ky's office issued a statement blaming the Viet Cong for the assassination. The same day at 6:00 p.m., at his office, Chief of Police Loan produced before the press a 20-year-old boy, Vo Van En, who admitted that he was in on the plot, but only as the driver. The other killer was still at large.

Neither the swift communiqué from Ky's office nor the swift arrest of Vo Van En succeeded in convincing the Constituent Assembly and the public that the Viet Cong were behind the assassination. Next day, in a message addressed to the nation, the Assembly condemned "the barbarous act aiming at eliminating a people's representative who is fighting for people's real freedom." The message did not mention the Viet Cong but denounced the "assassins no matter where they came from." On December 12, the *Vietnam Guardian*, whose editor, Dr. Ton That Thien, is a strong anti-communist, printed on its front page two pictures, one showing Vo Van En, the self-confessed member of the assassination team of two, and the other showing a different suspect being arrested. The paper, one of three English dailies published in Saigon, was suspended for an indefinite period. Two days later, the *Saigon Post*, whose publisher Bui Diem is deputy minister of foreign affairs and ambassador designate to the US, requested in an editorial the "formation of an independent committee," headed by a Southerner, to probe into the whole matter and to quell rumors that Tran Van Van was a victim of "political foul play and not of the Viet Cong as the government maintains." The *Saigon Post* was suspended for one week. Vo Van En was sentenced to death by a military court.

A few weeks before his death, Tran Van Van showed to friends, including Richard Critchfield of the Washington *Evening Star*, an article in English for possible publication in the US press, as the Saigon government had barred its publication in the local press. The article accused the Northerners in the Saigon regime of being "neo-colonialists" (which incidentally is what the Viet Cong call the US). To friends, Tran Van Van confided his hope to run for the presidency in late 1967. Once elected, he would start a dialogue with the National Liberation Front of the Viet Cong to end the war. Tran Van Van had many connections in the NLF, in particular Huynh Tan Phat, a former wealthy architect in Saigon, now secretary general of the Front. Tran Van Van believed that as a Southerner he could talk to Southerners in the Front.

On December 9, the Viet Cong clandestine radio, which somehow has survived all the B-52 bombings, accused Saigon of having killed Tran Van Van. A year ago, when the editor of a Saigon newspaper, Tu Chung, was assassinated, the Viet Cong boasted it killed him, for "collaborating with the CIA." On December 21 Police Chief Loan accused a member of the investigation committee, which was finally formed, of having tried to persuade Vo Van En to withdraw his confession. The member in question, Vo Quy Chung, is a member of the Constituent Assembly and a leader of its militant Southern group.

Against this background, it is not difficult to understand why the people in South Vietnam refuse to believe the official Saigon version of the assassination.

The date of trial of Tran Van Van's suspected killer had not yet been set and investigations were under way when Dr. Phan Quang Dan, a Harvard-educated member of the Assembly, narrowly escaped death from an assassin's bomb on December 27. A well-known physician and a persistent fighter against dictatorship (he was jailed under Diem's regime), Dr. Dan is a candidate for the presidency and his allies in the Assembly are members of the "Movement for the Restoration of the South," the force behind the late Tran Van Van.

The showdown between the Constituent Assembly and the military junta is approaching. On January 3, the Assembly approved an outline of the constitution and unanimously pledged to defend it against any possible veto by the government. Under Article 20 governing the Assembly, the junta is empowered to overrule any provision of the constitution unless a two-thirds majority of the Assembly takes a stand against the military regime in a roll-call vote. The Assembly has the backing of at least two-thirds, if not the whole, of its members to defend itself against any tampering by the military junta. This leaves Ky with two choices: either to dissolve the Assembly by putting all of its members in jail, or to bow to its decisions. Either choice will bring about Ky's downfall and the end of the military rule.

In a curious way, Ky himself may have implied it when he declared, at an interview at Saigon airport on January 6, that "there is only one liberator in the country, me." More exactly, he is the only one the Vietnamese people have to liberate themselves from in order to build political decency, democracy and peace in South Vietnam. In the long history of Vietnam, full of heroes, none until he has had the arrogance to claim to be the sole liberator of the land.



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# STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Telepromptings*

For almost four years I have been broadcasting on educational television (the New York station), chatting away more or (sometimes) less blithely, without giving a great deal of thought to television as such. Some recent events have made me ask myself whether I have learned anything from all this activity about the medium.

First, the events. Last August and December, the Ford Foundation made two proposals to the Federal Communications Commission, relative to forming a network out of the 125 or so educational television stations in this country. (Another 100 stations are being planned.) There is no such network at present. NET (National Educational Television Network) does not regularly provide simultaneous hookups between stations; it is a producer and supplier of taped programs for its member stations.

Briefly, Ford notes that, after the new satellite relay systems are in operation, the commercial networks will realize great savings over the costs of their present relay methods. Ford proposes that those savings be used to help subsidize an educational TV network. These funds would not in themselves be sufficient; at least an equal amount would have to be supplied from taxes.

Two further Ford actions: the Foundation has given a grant of $10 million to prepare a series of special weekly programs in the fall of 1967, for simultaneous educational network broadcast – programs that will "pull together the intellectual and cultural resources of this country to speak directly, once a week, to the great issues of the day in every field of action." In other words, experts on various subjects in widely scattered parts of the US would be linked to speak to one another and the entire country. Also, the Foundation has started discussions with the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism to implement this proposed series of broadcasts. These programs would, in effect, be previews of the work that the eventual educational network might do.

Government action on the basic Ford proposals – about the satellites and taxes – is forthcoming. Predictable objections have already been voiced; there will be further opposition. But, for the public, one point is already clear. American television, which by and large has been either a bore, a danger or an emetic, need not necessarily be any of those three. This country has the resources, in individuals and institutions, to make TV viewing at least as interesting as some magazines.

Like many others, I am much encouraged by these proposals – by the primary fact that they have been made. But this very encouragement has made me think a little more closely about television – the intrinsics of broadcasting: to see what I have learned in four years, if anything. I emphasize that none of the following deals with straight instructional television for classroom use – a subject of which I know nothing. Educational television, a name that this field is now stuck with, simply means noncommercial television. For clarification, I should note that my own broadcasting has been principally on a weekly half-hour program called *The Art of Film*, which is sometimes an interview of a film artist or technician and which sometimes consists of comments by myself with film illustration. I also do a weekly shorter broadcast of drama criticism and have appeared on numerous other of the station's programs.

All this work I have tried to take as seriously as possible. It is the phrase "as possible" that is the nub of the matter. Here are some of the things that, after all this time, I think I have learned.

1. *TV is show biz.* Take the most selfless of men – a delicate poet or scientist – and put him on TV and, *ipso facto*, he is in show biz. He is – or, alas, is not – an entertainer. What this means crudely is that he is going to be a hit or a flop, and his success or failure is not necessarily related to his material or thought.

A man who has been teaching for years may be a good or less good teacher. If he is a good teacher, he is probably not a downright bad lecturer. But even if he is a good lecturer, he may be a television flop. This is partly because of certain attendant elements (described below), but it is also because the medium creates its own subconscious expectations in the viewer.

The moment a speaker appears on television, no matter how unhistrionic his person or intent, a certain amount of histrionism is required, even if of the reticent kind. The viewer's attention must not waver; if it does, it is much more serious than in a classroom or lecture hall because the viewer leaves the speaker's very physical environment and returns to his own living room. Additionally, the closeness, the intensified "solo-ness" of the television screen, implies willy-nilly that the speaker is worth that intensification, and will justify it.

This test awaits even the experienced speaker or teacher. For the person appearing on television who is not used to public appearance, the transition (as Shaw said of fine art) will be either easy or impossible. I have seen both results. Either he discovers a hidden faculty in himself or he finds the occasion agonizing, possibly cheapening. These latter reactions, justified or not, will make TV impossible for him and him for it.

The patent and intrinsic show-biz elements begin with makeup. After you have seen a range of individuals from UN ambassadors to university presidents being painted and powdered, you understand the change in mind-set that must occur en route to the floor of the studio. Other such elements are lighting, direction and the strict limitations of time, all of which have every TV speaker at their mercy. Bad lighting, bad or unvaried camera angles obviously have nothing to do with intellection but, on television, they can help or nag it. And the hands of a studio clock have no regard for the rate at which ideas occur or de-

*(Continued on page 39)*



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# Nabokov's Puppet Show – II

*by Alfred Appel Jr.*

*Speak, Memory* rehearses the major themes of Nabokov's fiction: the confrontation of death; the withstanding of exile; the search for complete consciousness and the "free world of timelessness." In the first chapter, he writes, "I have journeyed back in thought – with thought hopelessly tapering off as I went – to remote regions where I groped for some secret outlet only to discover that the prison of time is spherical and without exits." Nabokov's protagonists live in claustrophobic, cell-like rooms, and Humbert, Cincinnatus in *Invitation to a Beheading* (1936), and Krug in *Bend Sinister* (1947) are all indeed imprisoned. The struggle to escape from this spherical prison (Krug is Russian for "circumference") assumes many forms throughout Nabokov, and his own desperate and sometimes ludicrous attempts, as described in *Speak, Memory*, are variously parodied in the poltergeist machinations of *The Eye* (Hazel Shade's involvement with "A Domestic Ghost" and her spirit-writing in the haunted barn and "The Vane Sisters") where an acrostic in the final paragraph reveals that two vivid images from the story's opening paragraphs were dictated by the dead Vane sisters.

*Speak, Memory:*
*An Autobiography Revisited*
by Vladimir Nabokov
(Putnam; $6.75)

Although *Speak, Memory* clearly illuminates the self-parodic content of Nabokov's fiction, no one has fully recognized the aesthetic implications of these transmutations, or the extent to which Nabokov has consciously projected his own life in his fiction. To be sure, this is dangerous talk, easily misunderstood. Of course Nabokov does not write the kind of thinly disguised transcription of personal experience which too often passes for fiction. But it is crucial to an understanding of his art to realize how often his novels are improvisations on an autobiographic theme, and in *Speak, Memory* Nabokov good-naturedly anticipates his critics: "The future specialist in such dull literary lore as autoplagiarism will like to collate a protagonist's experience in my novel *The Gift* with the original event." Further on, he comments on his habit of bestowing "treasured items" from his past on his characters, but it is more than mere "items" that Nabokov has transmogrified in the "artificial world" of his novels, as a dull specialist discovers by comparing Chapters Eleven and Thirteen of *Speak, Memory* with *The Gift*, or, since it is Nabokov's overriding subject, by comparing the attitudes toward exile expressed in *Speak, Memory* with the treatment of it in his fiction. The reader of his memoir learns that Nabokov's great-grandfather explored and mapped Nova Zembla (where Nabokov's River is named after him), and in *Pale Fire* Kinbote believes himself to be the exiled King of Zembla. His is both a fantastic vision of Nabokov's opulent past, entertained by a madman, and of a poet's irreparable loss, expressed by Nabokov in 1945: "Beyond the seas where I have lost a sceptre, / I hear the neighing of my dappled nouns" ("An Evening of Russian Poetry"). Nabokov's avatars do not grieve for "lost banknotes." Their circumstances, though exacerbated by adversity, are not exclusive to the émigré. Exile is a correlative for all human loss, and Nabokov records with infinite tenderness the constrictions the heart must suffer; even in his most parodic novels, such as *Lolita*, he makes audible through all the playfulness a cry of pain. "Pity," says John Shade, "is the password." Nabokov's are emotional and spiritual exiles, turned back upon themselves, trapped by their obsessive memories and desires in a solipsistic "prison of mirrors" in which they cannot distinguish the glass from themselves (to use another prison trope, drawn from the story, "The Assistant Producer").

The transcendence of solipsism is a central concern in Nabokov. He recommends no "escape," and there is an unmistakable moral resonance in his treatment of the theme; it is only at the outset of *Lolita* that Humbert can say that he had Lolita "Safely solipsized." The coldly unromantic scrutiny which his exiles endure is often overlooked by critics.

In *Pnin*, the gentle addlepated professor is seen in a new and harsh light in the final chapter, when the narrator assumes control and makes it clear that he is inheriting Pnin's job but not, he would hope, his existence. John Shade asks us to pity "the exile, the old man/Dying in a motel," and we do, but in the Commentary, Kinbote says that a "king who sinks his identity in the mirror of exile is guilty of [a regicide]." "The past is the past," Lolita tells Humbert at the end of the novel, when he asks her to relive what had always been inexorably lost. As a book about the spell exerted by the past, *Lolita* is Nabokov's own parodic answer to his previous book, the first edition of *Speak, Memory*. Mnemosyne is now seen as a black muse, nostalgia as a grotesque *cul-de-sac*. *Lolita* is the last book one would offer as "autobiographical," but even in its totally created form it connects with the deepest reaches of Nabokov's soul. Like the poet Fyodor in *The Gift*, Nabokov could say that while he keeps everything "on the very brink of parody . . . there must be on the other hand an abyss of seriousness, and I must make my way along this narrow ridge between my own truth and a caricature of it."

An autobiographic theme submitted to the imagination thus takes on a new life: frozen in art, halted in space, now timeless, it can be lived with. When



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the clownish Gradus assassinates John Shade by mistake, in a novel published 40 years after Nabokov's father was similarly murdered, one may remember the butterfly which the seven-year-old Nabokov caught and then lost, but which was "finally overtaken and captured, after a 40-year race, on an immigrant dandelion . . . near Boulder." One recognizes how art makes life possible for Nabokov, and why he calls *Invitation to a Beheading* a "violin in a void." His art records a constant process of *becoming* – the evolution of the artist's self through artistic creation – and the cycle of insect metamorphosis is Nabokov's controlling metaphor for the process, provided by a lifetime of biological investigations which established in his mind "links between butterflies and the central problems of nature." Significantly, a butterfly or moth will often appear at the end of a Nabokov novel, when the artistic "cycle" is complete.

*Speak, Memory* only reinforces what is suggested by Nabokov's visibly active participation in the life of his fiction, as in *Invitation to a Beheading* when Cincinnatus strains to look out of his barred window, and sees on the prison wall the telling inscription, "You cannot see anything. I tried it too," written in the neat, recognizable hand of the "prison director" – that is, the author – whose intrusions involute the book, and deny it any reality except that of "book." Nabokov's remarks on Gogol help to define this involution. "All reality is a mask," he writes, and Nabokov's own narratives are masques, stagings of Nabokov's inventions rather than re-creations of the naturalistic world, and since the latter is what most readers expect and demand of fiction, many still do not understand what Nabokov is doing. They are not accustomed to "the allusions to something else behind the crudely painted scenes," where the "real plots behind the obvious ones are taking place." There are thus two "plots" in all of Nabokov's fiction: the characters in the book and the consciousness of the creator above it – the "real plot" which is visible in the "gaps" and "holes" in the narrative. These are best described in *Speak, Memory*, when Nabokov discusses "the loneliest and most arrogant" of the émigré writers, Sirin (his émigré pen-name): "The real life of his books flowed in his figures of speech, which one critic [Nabokov?] has compared to windows giving upon a contiguous world . . . a rolling corollary, the shadow of a train of thought." The contiguous world is the mind and spirit of the author, whose identity, psychic survival, and "manifold awareness" is ultimately both the subject and the product of the book. In whatever way they are opened, the "windows" always reveal that "the poet (sitting in a lawn chair, at Ithaca, N. Y.) is the nucleus" of everything.

From its birth in *The Eye* (1930), to its full maturation in *Invitation to a Beheading* (1936), to its apotheosis in the "involute abode" of *Pale Fire* (1962), the strategy of involution has determined the structure and meaning of Nabokov's novels. One must always be aware of the imprint of "that master thumb," to quote Frank Lane in *Pale Fire*, "that made the whole involuted boggling thing one beautiful straight line," for only then does it become possible to see how the "obvious plots" spiral in and out of the "real" ones. Not including autobiographic themes, the involution is achieved in six basic ways, all closely interrelated, but schematized here for the sake of clarity:

Parody. As willful artifice, parody provides the main basis for Nabokov's involution, the "springboard for leaping into the highest region of serious emotion," as the narrator of *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight* says of Knight's novels. Because its referents are either other works of art or itself, parody denies the possibility of a naturalistic fiction. Only an authorial sensibility can be responsible for the texture of parody and self-parody; it is a verbal vaudeville, a series of literary impersonations performed by the author. When Nabokov calls a character or even a window shade "a parody," it is in the sense that his creation can possess no other "reality." In a novel such as *Lolita*, which has the fewest "gaps" of any novel after *Despair* (1934), the involution is almost entirely sustained by the parody.

Coincidence. *Speak, Memory* is filled with examples of Nabokov's love of coincidence. Because they are drawn from his life, these incidents demonstrate how Nabokov's imagination responds to coincidence, using it to trace the pattern of a life's design, to achieve shattering interpenetrations of space and time. Humbert goes to live in

## *Memoir, at the Age of Six*

I flicked your bear by one ear
he somersaulted the morning street
and you laughed Anne at his turning feet
Your mother called "Anne, come on, dear"
You had to go for some fish and you went
hand in your mother's hand skipping through the air

I went indoors The siren swooped us there
down into the shelter where crouching we heard
that droning rocket engine cut –
we judged how long to wait
and knew it would land near
The candle flame flickered . . . . . .

– and Anne but Anne it had torn through the fish
and you and your mother and the smiling bear
were shrapnelled to hell in spurting blood
I forced my mother to tell and there was and is
for ever an empty arc in the air
where a bear should somersault
forever a vacuum where your laughter should be heard

Keith Barnes



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Charlotte Haze's house at 342 Lawn Street; he and Lolita inaugurate their illicit cross-country tour in room 342 of The Enchanted Hunters hotel; and in one year on the road they register in 342 motels and hotels. Given the endless mathematical combinations possible, the numbers seem to signal his entrapment by McFate (to use Humbert's personification). But they are also a patent, purposeful contrivance, like the copy of the 1946 *Who's Who in the Limelight* which Humbert would have us believe he found in the prison library on the night previous to his writing the chapter we are now reading. The yearbook not only prefigures the novel's action, but under Lolita's mock-entry of "Dolores Quine," we are informed that she "Made New York debut in 1904 in *Never Talk to Strangers*" – and in the closing paragraph of the novel, almost three hundred pages later, Humbert advises the absent Lolita, "Do not talk to strangers," a detail that exhibits extraordinary narrative control for an allegedly unrevised, first draft confessional, written during 56 chaotic days. Clearly, "Someone else is in the know," to quote a mysterious voice that interrupts the narration of *Bend Sinister*. It is no coincidence when coincidences extend from book to book. Creations from one "reality" continually turn up in another: the imaginary writer Pierre Delalande is quoted in *The Gift*, and provides the epigraph for *Invitation to a Beheading* (inadvertently omitted from the paperback edition); Pnin and another character mention "Vladimir Vladimirovich" and dismiss his entomology as an affectation: "Hurricane Lolita" is mentioned in *Pale Fire*, and Pnin is glimpsed in the university library. Mythic or prosaic names and certain fatidic numbers recur with slight variation in many books, carrying no burden of meaning whatsoever other than the fact that someone beyond the work is repeating them, that they are all part of one master pattern.

PATTERNING. Nabokov's passion for chess, language, and lepidoptery has inspired the most elaborately involuted patterning in his work. Like the games implemented by parody, the puns, anagrams, and spoonerisms all reveal the controlling hand of the logomachist; thematically, they are appropriate to the prison of mirrors. Chess games are woven into several narratives, and even in *The Defense* (1930), the earliest novel in translation and, fittingly, the most naturalistically ordered, the chess patterning points to forces beyond Grandmaster Luzhin's comprehension ("Thus toward the end of Chapter Four an unexpected move is made by me in a corner of the board," writes Nabokov in the Foreword). The importance of the lepidopteral motif has already been suggested, and it spirals freely in and out of Nabokov's books: in *Invitation to a Beheading*, just before he is scheduled to die, Cincinnatus gently strokes a giant moth; in *Pale Fire*, a butterfly alights on John Shade's arm the minute before he is killed; and at the end of *Bend Sinister*, the masked author intrudes and suspends the "obvious plot" and, as the book closes, he looks out of the window and decides, as a moth twangs against the screen, that it is "A good night for mothing." *Bend Sinister* was published in 1947, and it is no accident that in Nabokov's next novel (1955), Humbert meets Lolita back in 1947, thus sustaining the author's "fictive time" without interruption, enabling him to pursue that moth's lovely diurnal Double through the substratum of the new novel in the most fantastic butterfly hunt of his career. "I confess I do not believe in time," writes Nabokov at the end of the ecstatic butterfly chapter in *Speak, Memory*. "I like to fold my magic carpet, after use, in such a way as to superimpose one part of the pattern upon another."

THE WORK WITHIN THE WORK. The self-referential devices in Nabokov, mirrors inserted into the book at oblique angles, are clearly of the author's making since no point of view within the fiction could possibly account for the dizzying inversions which they create. The course of *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, which purports to be an attempt to gather material for a proposed literary biography of the narrator's half-brother but ends by obfuscating even the narrator's identity, is refracted in Knight's first novel, *The Prismatic Bezel*, "a rollicking parody of the setting of a detective tale." Like an Elizabethan play within a play, Quilty's play within *Lolita, The Enchanted Hunter*, offers a "message" that can be taken seriously as a commentary on the progression of the entire novel. The a-novelistic components of *Pale Fire* – Foreword, Poem, Commentary, and Index – create a mirror-lined labyrinth of involuted cross-references, a closed cosmos that only can be of the author's making, rather

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than the product of an "unreliable" narrator. *Pale Fire* realizes the ultimate possibilities of works within works, already present 24 years earlier in the literary biography that serves as the fourth chapter of *The Gift*. If it is disturbing to discover that the characters in *The Gift* are also the readers of Chapter Four, it is because this suggests, as Jorge Luis Borges says of the play within *Hamlet*, "that if the characters of a fictional work can be readers or spectators, we, its readers or spectators, can be fictitious."

THE STAGING OF THE NOVEL. Nabokov wrote seven plays in Russian, including one of his several forays into science fiction, *The Waltz Invention* (1938), which was translated and published last year. It is not surprising, then, that his novels should proliferate with "theatrical" effects that serve his play-spirit exceedingly well. Problems of identity can be investigated poetically by trying on and discarding a series of masks. Moreover, what better way to demonstrate that everything in a book is being manipulated than by seeming to *stage* it? In *Invitation to a Beheading*, "A Summer thunderstorm, simply yet tastefully staged, was performed outside," and in *Laughter in the Dark* (1932), "The stage manager whom Rex had in view was an elusive, double, triple, self-reflecting Proteus." Nabokov the protean impersonator is always a masked presence in his fiction: as impresario, scenarist, director, warden, dictator, and even as bit player (the seventh Hunter in Quilty's play within *Lolita*, a Young Poet who insists that everything in the play is his invention) – to name only a few of the disguises he has donned as a secret agent who moves among his own creations like Prospero in *The Tempest*. Shakespeare is very much an ancestor (he and Nabokov even share a birthday), and the creaking, splintering noises made by the stage-setting as it disintegrates at the end of *Invitation to a Beheading* is Nabokov's version of the snapping of Prospero's wand, and his speech to the players ("Our revels now are ended. These our actors,/ As I foretold you, were all spirits and/ Are melted into air, thin air"; IV. i).

AUTHORIAL VOICE. All the involuted effects spiral into the authorial voice – "an anthropomorphic deity impersonated by me," Nabokov calls it – which intrudes continually in all of his novels after *Despair*, most strikingly at the end, when it completely takes over the book (*Lolita* is a notable exception). It is this "deity" who is responsible for everything: who begins a narrative only to stop and retell the passage differently; halts a scene to "rerun" it on the chapter's screen, or turns a reversed lantern slide around to project it properly; intrudes to give stage directions, to compliment or exhort the actors, to have a prop moved; who reveals that the characters have "cotton-padded bodies" and are the author's puppets, that all is a fiction; and who widens the "gaps" and "holes" in the narrative until it breaks apart at "the end," when the vectors are removed, the cast of characters is dismissed, and even the fiction fades away, at most leaving behind an imprint on space in the form of the "deity's" précis of "an old-fashioned [stage] melodrama" he may one day write, and which describes *Pale Fire*, the book we've just finished reading.

The vertiginous conclusion of a Nabokov novel calls for a complicated response which many readers, after a lifetime of realistic novels, are incapable of making. Children, however, are aware of other possibilities, as their art reveals. My own children, ages three and six, reminded me of this last summer when they inadvertently demonstrated that, unless they change, they will be among Nabokov's ideal readers. One afternoon, my wife and I built them a puppet theatre. After propping the theatre on the top edge of the living room couch, I crouched down behind it and began manipulating the two hand puppets in the theatre above me. The couch and the theatre's scenery provided good cover, enabling me to peer over the edge and watch the children immediately become engrossed in the show, and then virtually mesmerized by my improvised little story that ended with a patient father spanking an impossible child. But the puppeteer, carried away by his story's violent climax, knocked over the entire theatre, which clattered onto the floor, collapsing into a heap of cardboard, wood, and cloth – leaving me crouched, peeking out at the room, my head now visible over the couch's rim, my puppeted hands, with their naked wrists, poised in mid-air. For several moments my children remained in their open-mouthed trance, still in the story, staring at the space where the theatre had been, not seeing me at all. Then they did the kind of double-take that a comedian might take a lifetime to perfect, and began to laugh uncontrollably, in a way I had never seen before, and not so much at my clumsiness, which was nothing new, but rather at those moments of total involvement in a non-existent world, and at what its collapse implied to them about the authenticity of the larger world, and their daily efforts to order it and their own fabricated illusions. They were laughing too over their sense of what the vigorous performance had meant to me, but they saw how easily they could be tricked and their trust belied, and the shrillness of their laughter finally suggested that they recognized the frightening implications of what had happened, and that only laughter could steel them in their new awareness.

When I recently visited Vladimir Nabokov for four days in Montreux, Switzerland, to interview him for *Wisconsin Studies* and in regard to my critical study of his work, I told him about this incident, and how for me it defined literary involution and the response which he hoped to elicit from his readers at "the end" of a novel. "Exactly, exactly" he said as I finished. "You must put that in your book."

By parodying the reader's complete, self-indulgent identification with a character, which in its mindlessness limits consciousness, Nabokov is able to create the detachment necessary for a multiform, spatial view of his novels. The reader of *Pale Fire* then may see that the fatuous locutions in annotator Kinbote's monstrously presumptive analysis of Shade's poem inform but one of four distinctive voices in a shifting sequence of "serial selves": the self seen by the world, a construct whose assumed name and distracting scholarly labors conceal the terror and despair experienced by another self, Botkin, who "live[s] like Timon in his cave," and whose anguished voice every so often surfaces



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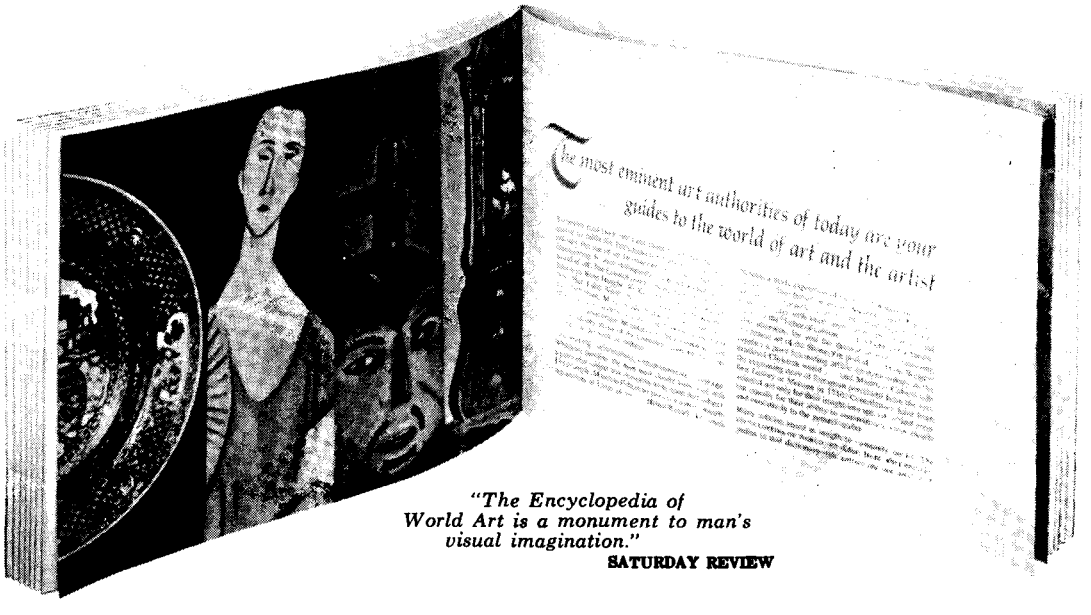


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through the unintentional comedy of Kinbote's compensatory, royal ravings – to plea, "Dear Jesus, do something," or moan, "Migraine again worse today," or debate with its anagrammatic self the efficacy or means of suicide. And at the end of *Pale Fire*, the "voices" are all absorbed by the authorial voice which, by suspending the fiction altogether and *then* providing an Index, demonstrates the author's command of the book, and his outdistancing of Botkin's "nightfall of the mind." From the Index, the reader moves to a global view of the novel. Seen from all sides, its four dimensions of sensory perception, memory, imagination, and death are perceived as instantaneous: Botkin, Kinbote, King Charles, and, surrounding their "death-padded life," Gradus, a jet-propelled Angel of Death – an idea and an actuality who casts his shadow across the entire book, its creations and creator. The "two plots" in Nabokov's puppet show are thus made plainly visible, describing the total design of his work, which reveals that in novel after novel his characters try to escape from Nabokov's prison of mirrors, engaging in a struggle toward a self-awareness that only their creator has achieved by creating them – an involuted process which connects his art with his life, and clearly indicates that the author himself is not in this prison, but is its creator, and is *above* it, in control of a book, as in one of those Saul Steinberg drawings (greatly admired by Nabokov) in which a man is seen to be drawing the very line that gives him "life," in the fullest sense. But the process of Nabokov's involution, the global perspective which he invites us to share with him in a novel such as *Pale Fire*, is best described in *Speak, Memory*, Chapter Fifteen, when Nabokov comments on the disinclination of

> ". . . physicists to discuss the outside of the inside, the whereabouts of the curvature; for every dimension presupposes a medium within which it can act, and if, in the spiral unwinding of things, space warps into something akin to time, and time, in its turn, warps into somethink akin to thought, then, surely, another dimension follows – a special Space maybe, not the old one, we trust, unless spirals become vicious circles again."

The ultimate detachment of an "outside" view of a novel inspires our wonder and enlarges our potential for compassion because, "in the spiral unwinding of things," such compassion is extended to include the mind of an author whose deeply humanistic art affirms man's ability to confront and order chaos.

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# *Lord Russell and Lord Amberly*

*by Philip Toynbee*

In 1937 Bertrand Russell, aged sixty-five, collaborated with his third wife in compiling two massive volumes of family papers. Nearly all these letters and journals were either written by Russell's parents or written about them. His father, John Russell, afterward Lord Amberley, was the oldest son of Lord John Russell, the distinguished liberal politician. His mother,

*The Amberley Papers*
Bertrand Russell's Family Background
edited by
Bertrand and Patricia Russell
(Simon and Schuster; $12.50)

née Kate Stanley, was the fourth daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley. Both were born in 1842; they were married in 1864; Kate died in 1874 and her husband two years later.

Today that unwilling apotheosis of Bertrand Russell who is known as Lord Russell has allowed these fascinating documents to be reissued. He himself has reached the age of 94: his parents were born 124 years ago: they died more than 90 years ago. It makes one think.

Above all, these volumes make one think about those mysteries of heredity which have surely *contributed*, at least, to making the aged son so much resemble the youthful father who died when the son was four years old. For although Lord Amberley died at 32 he had had the time, in a dozen years of adult life, to acquire great notoriety as an insufferable radical and *enfant terrible*. He supported a wider franchise and a drastic new program of universal education; he was in favor of women's rights; he had discarded all the Christian orthodoxies and retreated to the vaguest of vague deisms; he had even flirted with birth control, with the Paris commune and with domestic republicanism; he had supported national liberation movements abroad, and had written a monograph on the prevention of international war. Nearly a century after Amberley's death his extraordinary second son is thundering against American iniquities from his eyrie in the Welsh mountains. He, too, has been notably democratic in his opinions; he too has instigated educational reforms, and even tried to illustrate them by taking the initiative himself. Like his father, the present Lord Russell has campaigned for the emancipation of women and for wider and more effective birth control. He has followed his father in his ardent hatred of war, and in his sympathy for the foreign victims of oppression. Like his father



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he has waged passionate war against all forms of organized religion.

In fact the chief difference between father and son seems to lie mainly in the ages they lived in, and the ages they lived to. Even in his short lifetime Lord Amberley managed to acquire a great deal of odium; and often, of course, for expressing opinions which, in the lifetime of his son, have become the truisms of every party in the state. If he had lived to be 94 it is more than likely that Lord Amberley's opinions would have become more radical rather than less, and that he would have attained, as a consequence, to that very high degree of odium which has been achieved, in 1967, by his still unvanquished son. But the real difference between the short life of Lord Amberley and the long life of Lord Russell is that the father lived close to the center and mainspring of power in the world of his day, while the son has always been an outsider – an eccentric and comparatively impotent figure in an age which has followed the father's democratic advice and deprived *all* hereditary lords of most of the power which used to be theirs by right.

I think the main reaction of a modern reader of *The Amberley Papers*, whether British or American, will be one of amazement that so young and in many ways ordinary a man could have received so much attention from the most powerful men in England. It is notorious, of course, among those of us who are no longer young, that the young people of today receive so much attention that they obscure the attention-deserving achievements of the middle-aged and elderly. But all this attention is given and received inside those noisy power-vacuums which surround but seldom impinge on the world of real political and social power.

But during the sixties of the *last* century the Whig aristocracy was still governing England – either by occupying the seats of government or by the power of their opposition to a government which was nominally Tory. Lord Amberley was born into the purple, and he married into it as well. The Stanleys and the Russells were two of the great ruling families of England: they were immensely rich; they owned huge estates; they were deeply involved in politics by long family tradition; they were cultivated, intelligent and progressive. Lord Amberley was not only the son of a prime minister; he was, as if by inheritance, the friend or acquaintance of Mill and Carlyle, of Grote and G. H. Lewis, of Mazzini and Renan, of Darwin and Huxley. His life ended early, and in a hideous misery of bereavement, but until his last two years he was a very fortunate and, what is much more, a very happy man. He enjoyed not only the freedom to speculate but the conviction that his speculations would be taken seriously by powerful men, and might even result in some form of direct political and social action.

It happens that Kate Amberley's younger sister was my own great-grandmother, and that I can just remember her as a monstrous old tyrant in the last years of her life. She died in the very early nineteen-twenties, and although she still retained power in her own enormous households she had already lost the reality of any wider power. Though herself a radical she was an oppressive and domineering old monster who demanded the strictest agreement with all her views from all her many dependents. Some of these had already rebelled, and I'm quite sure that my own generation would have rebelled still more angrily than their parents had done. Something had already gone wrong.

What had gone wrong, of course, was also what had gone right. The reforms for which the Whig aristocracy had fought with such vigor, patience and ingenuity had mostly been put into effect; and one effect of those reforms was that the original reformers had lost this privileged position. That is what they had wanted, of course: or that, at any rate, is what they had *thought* they wanted. But the reality of surrendering power is always distasteful, as so many Adenauers, Ben-Gurions and de Gaulles have learned in our own day. It is one thing to fight powerfully for the removal of one's own power: it is a different thing to find oneself deprived of power while still retaining the inherited expectation of power. And perhaps the occasional savageries and perversities of Bertrand Russell's long and magnificent career can be explained by


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some dull, inner ache of deprivation. His influence has been wide, but it has not been direct or immediate. Father and son have done their work well, and left the son with no more power than any *commoner* philosopher and pundit of equal energy and equal intellectual distinction.

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*A Sacred Trust*
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(New American Library; $5)

*A Sacred Trust* ratifies the promise made by Mr. Harris in his earlier book, *The Real Voice*, which covered the Senate investigation of the pharmaceutical industry and of which one critic said, "it deserves to enter literature as a classic of muckraking alongside the works of Ida Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens. . . ."

It is an unsettling exercise to go through this book and see for how long an expensive and elaborate fraud was perpetrated by the American Medical Association, often in cahoots with friendly newspapers and even friendlier congressmen, without an outcry from our mass-media – an outcry that probably would have pushed through Medicare, or something like it, several years earlier. No headlined story of deceit and arm-twisting in a labor union, state legislature, or the White House can top the one Mr. Harris tells if we count cost, duration, and degree of premeditation. With formidable research, superb organization, and a keen eye for the ludicrous, Mr. Harris chronicles the pious, phony performances of conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats.

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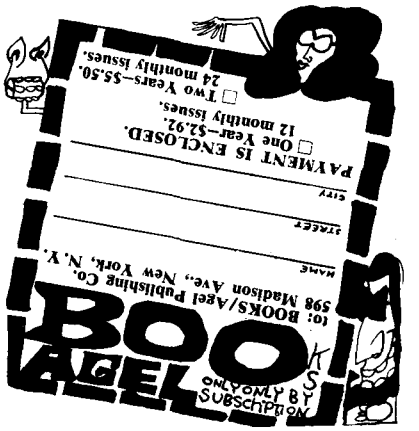
This climactic battle in Congress fol-

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Alfred Appel, Jr. *is a professor of English at Stanford. The first section of his essay on Nabokov appeared in the January 14* New Republic. Keith Barnes' *book,* Born to Falling Glass, *will be published this spring by Harcourt, Brace and World.* Philip Toynbee *is completing a trilogy of novels.* Robert Yoakum *is writing a book about ethics in contemporary America.*


*By JEROME AGEL, editor-publisher*

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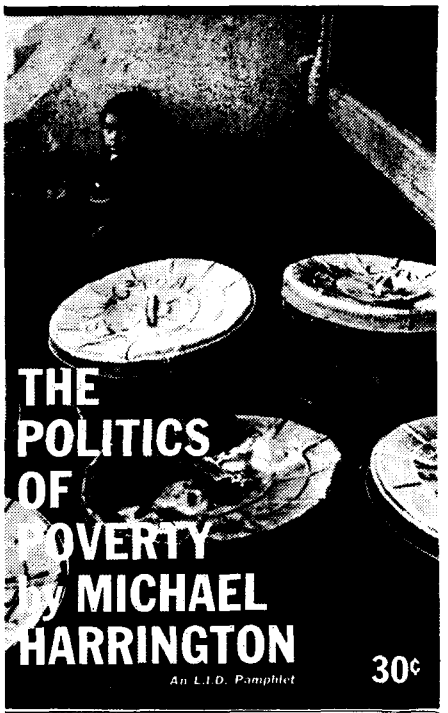


Mr. Harrington, author of *The Other America*, takes a critical look at the current War on Poverty.

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lowed a campaign for national health insurance that began in 1912 – the year, Harris notes parenthetically, when, according to Professor Lawrence Henderson, of Harvard, "for the first time in human history, a random patient with a random disease consulting a doctor chosen at random stood better than a 50-50 chance of benefiting from the encounter." In that year, and up until 1920, the AMA not only supported but actively pushed for a compulsory system of national health insurance. After 1920, the pharmaceutical industry, the insurance business, and the AMA made common cause in opposition to the kind of legislation the doctors had earlier favored.

"During Franklin D. Roosevelt's first term in office," Harris writes, taking us into the next decade, "it was clear that a large percentage of the American people were not just ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed but also simply ill and unable to pay for medical care." But by then the medical politicians had firm control of the AMA's secretariat, Constitution, and Bylaws, and we begin the chronicle of unethical activity that occupies the rest of the book. It's all there: censorship, front organizations, highly paid public relations firms and Hollywood-size projects, newspaper ad campaigns tied in not too subtly with canned editorials, ad campaigns tied in with local and national businesses, lies by the gross, conspiracy, and intense political lobbying. The political pressures were applied at all levels of government. Sometimes the big, rich organization just leaned and the lawmakers moved. Other times more original methods were used. My favorite, perhaps because it holds so much potential for a theatrical review, is based on the reasonable assumption that doctors have a unique hold on the attention of legislators who are also patients.

In the 1940's the fire was fanned on both sides. President Truman used the routine interment of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill, which covered nearly all medical care for nearly everyone, to pummel the "do-nothing Eightieth Congress" in the 1948 election. That same year the AMA hired the California public relations firm of Whitaker & Baxter, which immediately staffed a Chicago office with thirty-seven workers. In 1949 they issued a quackish pamphlet called "The Voluntary Way is the American Way"; distributed more than fifty million posters, leaflets, pamphlets, folders, cards, and cartoons at a cost of $1,045,614.52, and helped the AMA spend a record-breaking $1,522,683 on lobbying. Still, that was an improvement over 1948, when the National Physicians' Committee for the Extension of Medical Service (which it wasn't), pretending not to be a front for the AMA (which it was), sent a letter to all the nation's clergymen and doctors, which began "Dear Christian Americans," and, as Harris puts it, "went on to imply that certain non-Christians, whom it didn't identify, were leading the fight for socialized medicine." The man who signed the letter, Reverend Dan Gilbert, was editor of a far right magazine called the *Defender* and "had been closely associated with the pro-Nazi Silver Shirts before the war."

Finally, with heavy support from Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, a law was voted in 1965 that gave older people substantial help. This truncated version of earlier health care proposals staggered home to safety nearly half a century after the first shots were fired. The Harris account of that protracted struggle should bring apologies to all of us from AMA officials and their expensive flacks; from the thousands of doctors who relayed AMA propaganda; from the Republican Party, which collaborated in the AMA's chicanery; from most Southern Democrats; from large segments of the insurance and pharmaceutical industries, and, not least, from those people whose job it is to alert us when we are being hornswoggled. No greater fraud was practiced in this century than this – no associate of Mr. Hoffa, no editor of *The Worker*, ever went about the sordid business of corrupting the truth with more calculation or energy than the AMA – and when you finish *A Sacred Trust* you wonder how much of this kind of thing still goes on without our knowledge. If I taught a class in journalism, I would put *A Sacred Trust* on the compulsory reading list as an example of excellent reporting, but also as an example of a big story that was missed, or ignored, by the big media.



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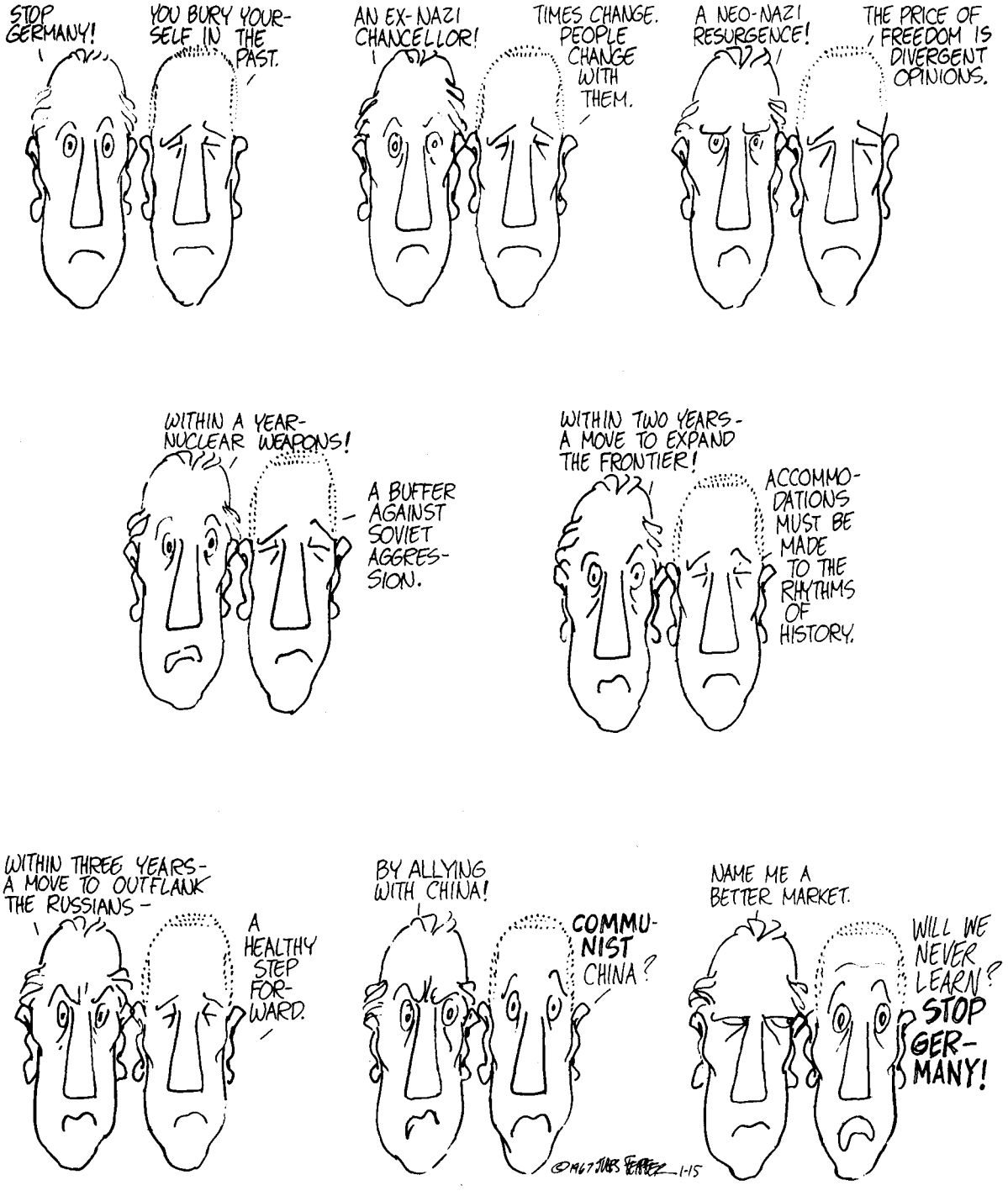
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# Correspondence

## To Build or Not to Build

*Sirs:*

In his article "Supersonic Aircraft: to Build or not to Build" (December 24), Robert Burkhardt likens the sonic boom of the proposed supersonic transport to ". . . a rumble of distant thunder." In fact, the boom consists of a severe, sharp, double "bang!" like the explosion of two sticks of dynamite a block away. There is no warning whatsoever. The unsuspecting homeowner, quietly reading a book, may be startled almost out of his wits. His entire house shudders. The violent, startling effect of the boom is made clear in NASA Report CR-187, summarizing tests made, at government request, by the eminent acoustical engineering firm of Bolt, Beranek and Newman, Inc., of Cambridge, Mass. They found that two-thirds of the persons subjected to unexpected booms declared the boom to be "extremely annoying," and one-third showed a marked increase in rate of heartbeat. These persons were young and wide-awake. How much more startling the boom will be to old persons, ill persons, or persons trying to sleep. Many other reports, available through the US Dept. of Commerce, make it equally clear: the boom is a real menace – a kind of "sonic pollution" that threatens to destroy peace and quiet throughout the country, including remote rural areas as well as urban areas.

Mr. Burkhardt may have been misled by the biased way the typical report is written. The facts presented in the body of the report show the boom to be intolerable, but the report *summary* – all that most persons read – makes no mention of this; instead, it emphasizes the hope that the public will somehow "adapt" to being startled again and again.

Will a supersonic transport plane, capable of startling ten million persons in a single flight, really bring our country goodwill and profits? Or will angry citizens here and abroad rise up and say, "This is one form of pollution we can do without"?

*William A. Shurcliff*
*Senior Research Associate at the Cambridge Electron Accelerator, Harvard University*

## Holy Nothingness

*Sirs:*

I have just received my copy of the November 26 *New Republic* containing William Robert Miller's piece on "God and His Man."

In his review he refers to a "Jewish spokesman," Richard Rubenstein, who at a recent theology conference "offered a vision of God from Jewish mysticism as 'the holy Nothingness'." While it would not be fair to criticize Rubenstein on the basis of a three word quotation, it is pertinent to remark that nothing in "Jewish mysticism" says anything about God which is radically different from traditional Jewish beliefs, and that any appropriation of Jewish mysticism to support the radical Christian deadness of God is a distortion.

Somehow it has become fashionable to cite Jewish mysticism without a thorough awareness of what it really is. Firstly, it cannot be read or understood in any translation; secondly, much of its primary source is not even in Hebrew but in an esoteric Aramaic; thirdly, it is replete with technical abbreviations and allusions which can be apprehended only by those who are thoroughly steeped in Talmud, Midrash, and other ancient Jewish sources; fourthly, those who are truly conversant with Jewish mysticism are extremely reticent about it – this is one of the tenets of mysticism – do not appear at conferences to quote from it.

References to God as a "holy Nothingness" are often picked up from secondary and tertiary sources and are flung at trusting and innocent audiences who have no access to, or understanding of, the primary sources. Neither, I suspect quite unmystically, do the "spokesmen" themselves.

*Rabbi Emanuel Feldman*
*Faculty of Languages and Literature*
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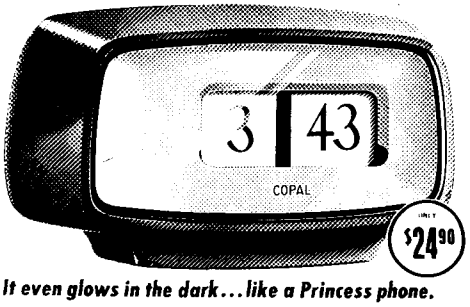


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**Kauffmann,** *from page 24*

velop in impromptu discussion.

All the above is to emphasize that progress in educational television cannot be made only by consultation between, say, educators and assorted other experts in various fields. Show-biz considerations are inherent from the start. The presence of Fred W. Friendly, an experienced television man, in the Ford Foundation is a promise of professionalism. Consciousness of the need for show-biz professionalism all the way down the line is imperative. Refusal to recognize this is not intellectual integrity; it is betrayal of television, thus of the whole project.

2. *Nevertheless, beware the "television mind."* Despite the importance of the above, it is easy to go too far in the show-biz direction. I have seen more than one program, more than one speaker, vitiated by being "overproduced." Unsympathetic or stupid or simply unrestrainedly ambitious producers and directors tend to search for gimmicks. Key warnings are the words "format" and "visual." They usually signal that the producer or director (a) is trying to make the program look like something that once got good reviews or won an award, or (b) is intoxicated with the possibilities of the studio equipment. If you have a good speaker with good material, bet on him, with minimal visual aids. (Minimal, not none.)

My own view on this matter is the antique adage: when in doubt, don't. I'd rather make my own mistakes than compound them with those of a director trying to rescue me by being "visual." (But I must add that I have been generally lucky in my producers and directors.)

3. *Television is not as good as print.* (Reminder: I am not talking about instructional TV.) Ideas cannot be developed as complexly or at equivalent length in speech as on paper. These restrictions, which apply to any personal appearance, are even more stringent on television, where the entertainment factor is more important.

The speaker must also have some sense of the difference between writing for the ear and for the eye. This certainly does not mean that TV re-


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quires monosyllables or spare rhetoric; it does mean that a sense of drama and/or oratory should underlie exposition and argument. The transcript of a really good television talk is inevitably less satisfactory than an essay by the same author might be. The transcripts of interviews, well edited, can sometimes recreate a sense of spontaneity and dialectic; but the prepared talk, if it is good to hear, is generally less satisfactory to read. Before Max Beerbohm published his BBC talks (*Mainly on the Air*), he revised them considerably with the reader in mind.

Thus, if it is good television, TV material is to some degree evanescent. Even if a program is taped, it is not at the viewer's disposal, as is a magazine or book. Once a program has passed, or its repeat has passed, or its twentieth repeat has passed, it is absolutely gone. If you tell a friend about a program he has missed, he has indeed missed it. You cannot in any true sense give him a copy.

4. *Television has strengths that print cannot have.* The two chief indigenous strengths of TV are immediacy and personality. (I omit the concomitant power to reveal fraud, as in the preeminent case of Senator Joe McCarthy. Possibly this power will be superfluous in educational TV?)

The factor of immediacy need not be labored. A simple statement, well spoken, has enormously increased impact over the same statement in print.

Personality – in its literal sense of emanation from the person – is obviously irrelevant to writing. On television, it is not only relevant, it is positively beneficial to intellectual and ideological ends. The major examples in our time were President Kennedy's press conferences. If one read the transcript of a conference without having seen the broadcast, it often seemed thin or even evasive. Material of no greater depth or directness, spoken by Mr. Kennedy and buttressed by his personality, conveyed almost metaphysically a conviction of understanding and control deeper than the words themselves. This, far from being deception, was the truth-telling that is television's special province.

For another example, two years ago the old and admirable Danish film director Carl Theodor Dreyer was a guest on my program when he was in New York. He really said little that was new as against what he had said in published interviews for many years, but his serenely simple personality permeated even his banal replies, even the way he folded his hands on the table. Merely to see him, to see the way he listened to questions or gently disagreed, was to enrich oneself on the subject of Dreyer.

5. *Beware the teleprompter.* If you can *really* extemporize (like Samuel Grafton), do so. But if you need to read, don't be afraid to read. If you and your material are interesting and if you learn to "take" a sentence at a time from your script (a trick easily learned), the viewer quickly adjusts to the reading and forgets it. When someone on the TV screen looks us ostensibly straight in the eye for a half-hour or more, speaking the whole time in perfectly rounded and patently prepared sentences, the occasion quickly becomes waxen and false. Remember Eisenhower – barely able to enunciate polysyllabic words, yet looking us straight in the eye during an incessant flow of ringing language.

Excepting short material, I think it is harder to read convincingly (for an intelligent audience) with a teleprompter than with a script on a little lectern at the side of your table.

6. *No symposiums.* The symposium is TV's equivalent of the all-star movie. (If one star makes a good picture, thinks Hollywood, five stars make a picture five times as good.) The symposium rests on the assumption that if you take, say, five people who have written interestingly on a subject and put them around a table, you will get five interwoven intelligent strands of discourse. In practice, what you almost invariably get is a pudding of remembered ideas, distorted and interrupted sentences, oversimplified utterances, and blatant ego contests. The interview, in which the questioner leads a guest from one subject to another, drawing out various aspects of his guest, can be one of TV's most effective instruments. The symposium is an evertempting snare and an almost inevitable delusion.

Anyway, and in any event, good luck to the Ford Foundation's proposals. Some version or emendation of them is the only present prospect for continually watchable television.



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